

Maclean's

Canada's

Weekly Newsmagazine

April 15, 2002 \$4.50

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DEATH OF A FAMILY



MONTREAL'S JOHN BAUER
WAS A LOVING FATHER AND
A PILLAR OF THE COMMUNITY.

THEN, LAST SEPTEMBER,
HE KILLED HIS WIFE, THREE SONS,
FATHER-IN-LAW, BOSS—AND HIMSELF.

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Macleans

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DEATH OF A FAMILY

John Bauer was a sportsman, loving husband and father, and a pillar of his community in Montreal. Then, last September, he killed his wife, three sons, father-in-law and boss before turning the gun on himself. What went wrong?

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Photo: the page: (clockwise from top left) Neil Fennell/CF; Arthur Treloar/BlackStar; (Clockwise from top left)

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From the Editor

Daylight shines upon the throne

My sole meeting with Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II took place far from either the United Kingdom or Canada. During a 1991 Commonwealth conference in Harare, Zimbabwe, a sampling of responses was invited, as is the custom, to a reception hosted by the Queen. Before the soiree, held in Harare's State House, we listened dutifully to a protocol lecture from a Canadian government representative ("don't try to shake hands and you can call her *ma'am* after first reference") and then were ushered into a room where we stood, like so many supplicants, awaiting our turn. When mine came, we chatted about the weather in Ottawa compared to Harare—or rather, the did, and I nodded. Minutes later, I overheard her delivering similar observations about Australia's climate to a Melbourne journalist.

No matter what your feelings about the monarchy, you may find some sympathy for the Queen: an aging woman who spent much of her life in social events talking to strangers about topics that are delicately innocuous. She does it with style and dignity and, by all accounts, remains motivated by the time sense of no-blessed-obligate that has characterized her life. None of that stops speculation about the future of the monarchy here, and in the United Kingdom, that has mounted since the death of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother on March 30. Still, as one thinks it will disappear on her words Elizabeth II seems as enduring as a tradition in the throne itself—perhaps more so, since most criticisms of the monarchy in this country, not to our surprise.

The best argument in favor of Canada becoming a republic is, of course, that it's odd to have a sovereign from another country. A good reason for maintaining the monarchy is, in fact, our government's general

Ray Hnatyshyn points out (page 16), that it's unclear what would come in its stead, and whether other alternatives would be any better. Many countries have a constitutional head, such as a king or president, separate from the leader who holds real power. An exception is America, where the president is treated as almost a royal figure, and is still addressed by this title long after leaving office. The great British 19th-century social scientist Walter Bagehot observed fearfully of the monarchy that "we must not let us daylight upon magic"—meaning it functions best when people know as little as about the occupant as possible. It's way too late for that now, but fascination with the monarchy remains high—in republican America as well as here.

Most of the passion in the monarchy debate belongs to its supporters. In my family's criticism of the monarchy was one of the few topics that could make my late, Montreal-born father, a gentle and courteous man, irascible and argumentative. But my Irish-born, was-bird mother, whose sister in England is a devout monarchist, is indifferent to the issue.

Even some Quebec sovereigntists find the presence of a British monarch convenient, because it enhances their portrayal of the rest of Canada as a WASPy alien entity. In Ottawa, no change will happen as long as Jean Chrétien is in charge. When—or if—he ever leaves, the only one of his likely heirs who publicly favors severing royal ties is John Mulaney. The irony is that in the U.K., people often say that if the monarchy dies, it will be due to indifference and irrelevance. In Canada, those are among the qualities that prolong it.

Arthur Williams

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Spiritual dynamics

Great cover story on "Loving the faith" (April 1). As the most recent Gallup poll and Regehr's book *Awake God* ("Returning to religion") show, religion plays a major role in Canada. Because we so often ban it from public discussion does not mean that faith is unimportant to the majority of our people. I congratulate you on the positive perspective of your article and the diversity of people you feature. I posted a church with a diverse group of 1,000 people attending each week. I am impressed that most of these folks live out their faith daily in very practical ways. They are true believers and it shows.

Neelam Karmali, Senior Pastor, Holyway Glen Church of the Christian & Missionary Alliance, Burnaby, B.C.

Congratulations for your balanced article on faith. I believe that no one lives without faith, even atheists. After all, what could require more faith than to believe that the cosmos appeared in nothing by sheer sort of spontaneous generation?

Beno Rousset, Calgary

You have neglected an important and growing group of people whose "faith" is in humanitarianism.

Barbara Vlamand, Westchester, Ont.



The nice responses about Canadians who put their beliefs into action proved quite inspiring. One puzzling dilemma, however, suggests the story is not complete: the faith of those none was so widely, it is meaningless to say they worship the same God as those deferring to it. Obviously something else is there, in the human spirit, motivates their actions. We might get a better understanding of the true dynamic of such struggles in the human psyche in a story about people professing no religious belief, who are equally engaged in service to their fellow humans.

R. S. Lohman, Kelowna, Ont.

I was inspired by the uplifting stories, especially pleased to see some evangelical Christians practiced as positive contributors to Canadian society and the world. This is a pretty rare event for us.

Steve Ball-Sprinkle, Scarborough, Ont.

One can only hope organized religion will someday fade away. Myths and superstitions have no place in the natural world. People say they find something spiritual in watching an eagle in a sense of awe at the beauty and order of the natural wilderness. These people need to search no further; they have found their salvation.

Kurt Grieb, University, Ont.

A tale of bravery

Your column on Miss Persons ("Risking life for freedom," *Windsor*, April 1) was a touching tale of heroism and determination. I am a historian with five years of military service and every day I learn yet a new tale of Canadian bravery. Your story was another fine example of Canadians who stood up guard for their

Robert McLean, Whitby, Ont.

I am a 36-year-old woman almost the same age as Miss Persons when she became a member of the Resistance. Oh

Lost opportunity

Like a grounding, making us see its shadow, Stephen Harper's win as leader of the Canadian Alliance foreshadows eight more years of Liberal despotism ("Back to the future," *Canada*, April 1). Our system of government depends on an official opposition loaning legs enough over the shoulder of the government that anything less than effective governing issues a real chance of being replaced during the next election. The task ahead for Canadians who want a change in government is to build one credible alternative to the Liberals. The voting members of the Canadian Alliance have decided that this task is either unimportant or does not exist. Out of the four candidates for leader, they elected the one person who most opposes co-operation with the Tories. I have no doubt that the fortunes of the Canadian Alliance will rise with Harper at the helm and the party will find a modicum of support that allows it some public prominence. The rub, however, lies in the fact that this success ends up precluding the very governments it intends to replace. Populism, the Canadian Alliance may make Canadian politics interesting, but it does little for our country. During the leadership race we have learned about the "anyone but Day" movement; Canada sounded anyone but Harper.

Gila Herring, Athens, B.C.

how easy my life is. I am grateful to know of her bravery, compassion and fearlessness.

Sandra O'Neill, Winnipeg

Prostate promise

Industry Minister Allan Rock's story clearly shows the value of regular PSA testing for prostate cancer ("In praise of testing," *Windsor*, April 1). Of the 77,000 men diagnosed with the disease each year in Canada, most cases are initially picked up by this test. However, the diagnosis is only made by examination of prostate biopsies under the microscope. Unfortunately, in Rock found out, a national ultrasound only gives a false sense of security and,



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A Festival of the Mind

Unknown, cryptic/physicist/televangelist Joseph Maclean, on identity presented in 2001, described the conference as "30 hours of the unending, the infinite, and, of course, the unexplained. It is a great loss of the human bond."



This isn't your ordinary conference. Instead of panel discussions, it has unscripted monologues. Instead of break-out sessions, it has twenty parties. Instead of lecture periods and motivational speakers, it has scholars and poets, scientists and artists, performers and prodigies.

For the past two years, *Identity* has assembled an eclectic group of forward thinkers from around the world to share visions, catalyze trends and provoke action. This year's global presence to be the best ever with top draws like Deepa Mehta, Douglas Coupland and Henry Margulies already confirmed to the roster of 50 speakers.

The conference, produced by Moses Zinner and presented by Citytv and Canadian Learning Television, will take place this year from June 18 through June 21 in Toronto.

Maclean is proud to be associated with this exciting event. In addition to our sponsorship, we'll be publishing interviews with participants in the weeks leading up to the conference. To learn more about *Identity*, or to register, call Jennifer Macleod at (416) 593-7300, ext. 2475, or visit www.identityonline.com.

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The Mail

lately for him, his PSA was repeated and the ultrasound was repeated, this time with tissue sampling.
Dr. Norman G. Fether, Director of Urology
The Ottawa Hospital

Last year, just prior to my 76th birthday, I had a PSA test. The number had risen from 8.5 a year before to 9.4. Not alarming, but my physician, Dr. Paul Kachan, decided to refer me to a urologist. I saw him a week later, had a biopsy three weeks after that and was diagnosed with prostate cancer a few days later. Hormone therapy was initially prescribed and was followed about four months later with radiation therapy. The final radiation treatment was on Sept. 18. On Nov. 16, I had a follow-up meeting with my oncologist who gave me nothing but good news. The purpose of this letter is to encourage men, particularly in my age group, to insist on PSA tests. If my family doctor had not referred me to a urologist, I fear that I would now be terminally ill. For me, the health-care system is working.

Peter McMillan, Halifax

I was interested in Alan Rock's story with an successful medical conclusion, but I was deeply moved by former senator Philippe Deane Gignere's terminal prognosis and the flawless grace with which he elaborated on a life of achievement and his compassion for the family, and especially his grandchildren (A writer's final deadline: Health, April 1). I am, like him, 78 years old and this Demoselle mood, promotes cancer, as a very and reminder that can keep you awake at night. But, why do we have to pay for a PSA blood test when most Western countries regard it as a valuable tool?

André Pettigrew, London, Ont.

Philippe Gignere's article was an inspiration. As a writer, I have always felt the pressure of the deadline and I always leave it till the last possible moment. I hope that if I ever grow old as serious as his, I will have the courage to face it the way Gignere has.

John B. Van Veld, Vancouver, B.C.

I carry on life in rural Ontario and after seeing so much that is so sad, I find that, too, doing that simply lifts the soul and makes me have a glass of red wine, sip on



Monitoring caught Rock's cancer in time

a CD and dance with my daughter while they do their homework.
John A. Swanson, Oak Point, Ont.

I offer my very sincere appreciation to Allan Rock and Philippe Deane Gignere for sharing their personal stories on prostate cancer. It is not presumptuous to say that lives will be saved if this issue of *Maclean's* becomes one of these magazines that is read and reread in doctors' waiting rooms.
Bob Kline, Metairie, La.

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The Mail

says one or two million angry Canadians could send it if they really wanted to
David Bell, Toronto, B.C.

Give peace a chance

No country in the world could live with what Israel is going through without reacting with all its power to destroy the assassins that every day send suicide bombers to kill their civilians ("Midsize bombings," The Week That Was, April 1). Israel understands that both peoples have rights to the disputed lands, and it always had the will to negotiate. The Palestinians want it all back and through violence. Some Palestinian terrorist organizations do not even recognize Israeli rights to exist. All the free nations in the world have the moral obligation to cut ties with the Palestinian authorities until the terrorism that they sponsor is totally eliminated. Israel has resisted many crises, but nothing is enough for the killings to stop. World governments can make a difference to give peace a chance.

Isabel Patrick, Vancouver

George Bush doesn't seem to get it: The terrorists are 18-year-old girls whose families have lived under Israeli terrorism for three generations. Israeli Prime Minister Ariel Sharon has no intention of granting a Palestinian homeland. He gives peace lip service while at the same time renews the father of the creeping evil of Israeli settlements. The Israeli nation has lost all my respect and it seems, by the UN reaction, the respect of the rest of the world also. I'm shocked at the lack of U.S. leadership. Give the Palestinian people what the Israeli people demand—a nation they can call their own. That is the solution. It requires U.S. leadership to make it happen.
Bruce Cox, London, Ont.

Sweeping aside personal opinion, I found myself captivated by the viewpoints of expatriate Canadians now living in Israel as told in "Voices from the mezzit" (Canada and the World, March 25). Right or wrong, the beliefs of these individuals are backed up by their courage and convictions to return to Israel and effect change. It is refreshing to know that there are Canadians of various ethnic backgrounds with moral principles willing to abandon the security of Canada and sub-



Galgornik Ark, Montreal, in Israel

not themselves to actually living out their dreams in dangerous situations
Gail Stevens, London, Ont.

Hidden drama

I chuckled out loud on my bus ride to work today thanks to Joe Chadley's comments on the dramatic possibilities of accountability ("Accountants gone bad," The Back Page, April 1). I have been married to one for 28 years and now feel hopeful that he may take on one of Chadley's exciting personalities. Know any good agents?
Cathy Wright, Ottawa

Nature and technology

I can sympathize with people like R.J. Brack for wholeheartedly embracing modern technology and specifically modern medical technology ("Just a heartbeat away," Cover, March 25). After all, without it he probably would not be among us any more. However, I think that medical science, and for that matter all life sciences, are headed in a wrong direction, namely towards the elimination of nature from our lives. Any illness, be it a major ache or an epidemic of cancer, is nature's way of telling us we are doing something wrong. We should be doing research to try to find out what it is we are doing wrong. Instead, we busily tell nature to shut up by clobbering her into submission with anything from pain killers to so-called wonder drugs. Meanwhile, the cost of organ transplants and ultimately of replacing nature with artificial parts is straining our resources and bankrupting our medical plans.

Kathleen Rasmussen, Richmond, B.C.

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Over to You BARBARA SUMMER FURSTEN

Being Neve Campbell

Who could be reincarnated as Neve Campbell and me. Same. She's a famous actress, a accomplished Hollywood actress with a personal trainer and a new Porsche 911, while I'm a solitary writer, a member of four with a Ryan Murphy on time payment. And sure, she can do stunts, cry on cue and has John Cusack for a boyfriend, while some days I can't even cry and it takes an effort not to raise my New Zealand collection with every sentence. But in *Menstrual*, on the set of her movie *Lost Junction*, the producers have decided I am to be her body double.

It's not as though I auditioned for this role. It came with the new web dog tag, the cinematographer for a husband and the gospel of low-budget movie-making. But when I comment on the obvious similarities, the producer brushes them aside. "We'll shoot you from behind," he says helpfully, keeping his voice low, just in case it gets back to Neve. She's playing Mary, the deadly sweet victim of her own career, and they figure she'll be a little sensitive about a 40-second, mother parodying to be her.

So I crash off in the hairdressers. They bring out scissors of Neve's thick, luscious brown hair and hold it up against my sashy blond. In the mirror I can see they're perplexed. "Have we got it right," asks the impeccably thin hairdresser, "you're playing Neve?" She says the same as if after two sessions in front of the mirror I've imitated her ex-best friend. "Just from behind," I say into the mirror, trying not to snarl.

It's hard work being the photo double of a movie star. Neve I need a firing. In the movie, Neve makes her own clothes, she's modest and kind, and she drives around with a dead body as the music. Pulling on Neve's red floral Capri pants, I can feel before they're even over my ankles that it's a lost cause, the rippled wide across my permanent post-baby bulge. "They'll need a little adjustment," says the busy wardrobe assistant, and I can see he is smiling. But I've been watching Neve on set, smiling nervously at the crew, laughing at the director's corny jokes, smiling the myth of the delicate actress, so I smile kindly and nod. "Yes, perhaps just a little tweak."

Back on the set, it seems Neve's found out. While in a fax track-stop dress, it's 5 a.m. and the walkie-talkie post me. She's wearing the Capri pants and carrying her straw hat and her smile has gone. But everyone can see we have matching hair



I want to talk to her, but what do you say to the person you're doubling, something witty and self-deprecating? Something about marionettes dressed up as ladies and how no one will notice? She sits by the window waiting for her take. Outside, the light has turned the darkness into day and I can see this is not quite inside her character yet, sitting on the edge of Mary, the Southern belle with a dark secret.

As they start to shoot the scene, the makeup artist sits next to me. She waxes Neve cloudy. "She's beautiful, isn't she?" she says and I smile for the first time that she really is and that her beauty is more than just her looks and her talent. All the crew is on her side. She's smiled her way through every long day, her every trade and never complained. It's a tough act to follow.

A few days later, we're flown to somewhere in Mississippi. It's a sweltering hot dead-end day and I'm in the passenger seat of a 1959 Cadillac Eldorado convertible. While filming the driving scenes that connect the scenes and make *Lost Junction* a road movie, Neve is back in air-conditioned L.A., her close-ups and dialogue, drama and passion, complete. In the movie she drives the bones of a car as if a vice a sports coupe but in the heat a hunkam along, and we sweat it out inside our costumes. "Don't look at the camera," says Jeff Cole through clenched teeth as we roll slowly past the crew stationed at the side of the road. He wears the film and they've co-opted him to double for the male lead.

We drive on for those moon days, searching for that slice of scenery, that defining moment that will tragically rescue a film that feels like it's going nowhere. "Think of it as your honeymoon," says the producer, smiling sincerely as we pull up outside a decrepit barbecue shack in Clarksdale, Miss. I look up and realize we're at the Crossroads, the very spot where legendary Delta Blues king Robert Johnson claimed he sold his soul to the devil. "Be careful," I say and point to the sign, a flickering neon guitar glowing bright as a warning. But the producer means my job and I sigh and bite my tongue, just like I imagine Neve would have done, and slide on my sunglasses even though it's getting dark. This is the movie, after all.

*Barbara Summer Fursten double for actor between *Menstrual* and *Amelie*. *Lost Junction* will arrive a release date.*

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I'm an environmentalist.

I'm an undergraduate.

I'm deaf.

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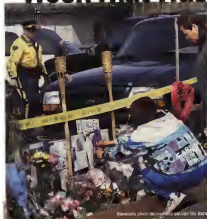
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The Week That Was



Witnesses place messages outside the area

Charges mount in case of 50 missing women

More Wilson was living in the mass deaths of Vancouver's Downtown Eastside when she disappeared in 2005. Last week, her sister, Ada Wilson, found her bones in the wreckage of the alleged hit, plus former Robert William Pickton, appeared in a television court in a Vancouver courtroom. The Crown then told three more murder charges against Pickton, who has already been charged with two murders, including Niverville. The five were faced among the 50 women, many of them prostitutes or drug addicts, who have disappeared from the sandy area since 1983—39 of them in the last seven years.

Niverville, police continued to comb through a line that Pickton, 52, co-owned with his siblings in the Vancouver suburb of Port Coquitlam.

Pickton was set in court, but appeared by video from a Vancouver area correctional facility. He was representing himself, except for his brother, a few times as the Crown read the three new first-degree murder charges. Pickton is accused of killing Jacqueline McBride, 26, Oliver Road, 24, and Heather Getherling, 25, who all disappeared between Jan. 16, 1998, and Nov. 23, 2001. He was originally charged on Feb. 22 with the first-degree murder of Wilson,

24, and Barbara Hollaway, 26, who also disappeared in 2005. Outside the courtroom, Ada Wilson was angry that Pickton had not appeared in person. "I wanted him to see my reaction," she said. "I've been waiting for this for a long time and I've been holding it in."

In February when police began searching the farm, they anticipated their work would take a few months. Now, however, investigators expect to be at the property collecting evidence for at least a year. "We are going through the site on a slow look-by look process," said Vancouver police spokesman Det. Scott O'Brien. "As we uncover new evidence, there will be additional charges."

The right moves

The federal Tories want to work with the Canadian Alliance and the breakaway Democratic Reformers to stop competition for right-wing voters and not just voteables in upcoming elections. Conservative leader Joe Clark emerged from a six-hour meeting with OGC leader Chuck Strahl in Calgary and said he'd like to meet with new Alliance leader Stephen Harper and discuss a "national alternative to the Liberal party." Clark's gesture solidified—for now—the coalition between his party and OGC MPs, who left the Alliance last year. Harper, who has previously opposed merger talks, said he'll meet with Clark this week.

Trouble over Cuba

A jury in Philadelphia found a former Hamilton resident, James Salvo, guilty of trading with Cuba—the last such conviction of a Canadian. Salvo, 42, a Philadelphia business executive, was convicted of 20 counts of violating the 1993 Trading with the Enemy Act and one count of conspiracy—seven through seven of the charges relate to letters taken in Canadian soil. His face up to 20 years in prison had to be sentenced on June 25. In Ottawa, a Foreign Affairs spokeswoman said the Canadian government "will continue to monitor developments closely."

Diplomatic DUI

A Japanese diplomat was banned from operating a vehicle in Canada for one year after allegedly driving drunk and causing two car wrecks. The driver didn't stop at the intersection, narrowly missing a vehicle filled with five teenagers. Canada's new zero-tolerance policy against diplomats suspected of impaired driving was initiated after Roman Andrei Knyazev used his immunity to avoid Canadian prosecution in a drunk-driving accident that killed Ottawa resident Catherine Madson in January 2001. In March,

The Week That Was

He was tried in Missouri and then returned to four years in a penal colony for involuntary manslaughter.

Fined for gay bashing

The Quebec Human Rights Commission ordered two Montreal men to pay their gay neighbours, Theo Wadson and Roger Tibout, \$26,000 for harassing them over the years. The commission ruled Robert Veilher and Greg Inglis infringed on the couple's "dignity and reputation, [and] right to privacy." The commission doesn't have the power to enforce the payment, but will take the case to the Quebec Human Rights Tribunal, an independent judicial proceeding that could make the payment legally binding, if it hasn't been settled by April 19.

Running scared?

Ontario premier-designate Ernie Eves said he will not in a May 2 fly-election in the southern Ontario riding of Durham West. Wellington-Grey is a traditional Tory bastion. Eves who hasn't had a seat in the legislature since leaving for Eby Street in February 2001, takes over as premier on April 15. He had been widely expected to run in outgoing Premier Mike Harris's northern rid-

ing of Niagara. But opposition politicians said a potentially hot contest there scared him off. Eves denied that, saying he chose Durham West/Wellington-Grey because he's well-known there. He said he gifted the former Tory MPP label Bennett, after spending weekends at her country home in the riding.

Nortel 'junk'

The infamous record service Moody's downgraded Nortel Networks Corp. debt to "junk" status. Swap fee firm-based Nortel hearkened to tell investors it had expected the move and was opening "business as usual." The downgraded company's stock price, which had already fallen below \$7 from its 2000 high of \$124.50, fell even more. The downgrade will increase Nortel's borrowing costs.

Case closed

Quebec's highest court closed the investigation into the Aug. 31, 1997, death of Diana, Princess of Wales. The Court of Cassation in Paris upheld the dismissal of her bodyguard's charges against nine photographers and a press motorcyclist in the car crash that killed her. Mohamed al-Fayed, father of Diana's boyfriend,

Dodi Fayed, who was also killed in the crash in the Alma traffic tunnel in Paris, had launched an appeal in September 1999 after French Judge Hervé Stohmen ruled that alcohol, drugs and excessive speed caused the accident, not the photographers who chased the car. Al-Fayed claimed the photographers' actions should have been taken into account.

The tidy defence

When Ottawa set up its \$5-billion Medical Equipment Fund in 2000, it was to help provinces buy such items as magnetic resonance imaging scanners and renal dialysis machines. But the New Brunswick government, which has received \$24.5 million from the fund in the last two years, had some other needs as well. The opposition Liberals revealed that money also went toward such items as a broker (\$12,400), paper shredders (\$5,158) and driving (\$12,039). Health Minister Doy Riches told noted that 96 per cent of the province's hospital equipment budget was spent on medical supplies and defended the other purchases. The government, he claimed, would be criticised if the hospitals lacked anything.

Pumped up

Gasoline prices rose sharply in many parts of the country as Mobil East gasoline drove up the cost of crude oil. A barrel of low-sulfur West Texas crude, which in January sold for as little as \$19.32, reached \$27.73 on April 2 before falling back a little. Analysts warned about a dampening effect on energy. Western economies—oil is fuel-dependent businesses such as mines—although the rising price was driven in part by greater demand due to short-term economic revival. One beneficiary is newly created EnCana Corp. of Calgary (an the world's largest independent oil company) since without gas pipelines and refineries. Shareholders approved the merger of major players Pan Canadian Energy Corp. and Alberta Energy Co. Ltd., both of Calgary.

Passages

Broker: Cochran Communications Inc. the company that produces Hallmark's favourite children's TV series, *Thinkwell* Tagboard, is in receivership. Owner **Andrew Cochran** claims the trouble started after a move into the U.S. market in 1997. The company, a 30 m working space of the highest, will also be sold.

Hero: British actor **Elizabeth Hurley** gave birth to a baby boy, **Damian Charles**. Hurley, 36, has said that the baby's father is her former boyfriend, American film producer **Stephen King**. However, King has expressed doubts about whether he fathered the child.

Glitch: **Berry Brown** started his media career in Newfoundland as "Uncle Henry" on WCCM radio. After working in the 1950s, Over the next 50 years, Brown went on to host popular national CBC programs like *As It Happens*, *Montreal* and *Montreal*, as well as the Toronto-based public affairs show *Afternoon*. Brown, 72, died in his 8th of a long battle with cancer.

Discovered: A very rare gold piece, a 1914 gold piece, was found in a prehistoric burial mound in Kent, England. The coin, which dates to 1300-1500 BC and is now one of the oldest treasures ever discovered in Britain, was found by a amateur treasure hunter using a metal detector.

Selected: **Dr. Norman Foster** is a new British architect known for London's Millennium Bridge, has been chosen by the University of Toronto to design the school's new pharmacy building. It will be Foster's first project in Canada.



Drawing the line

Newfoundlanders have suffered through several recent economic slumps. So there was jubilation on the Rock after a federal cabinet finally settled the boundary between Newfoundland and Labrador and Nova Scotia about 17 km from the shores of each province. The decision gave

Newfoundland 75 per cent of a potentially oil-rich offshore region. Known as the Labrador sub-basins, the 66,000-square-km area could hold nearly one billion barrels of oil.

The ruling should settle the province's 37-year-old legal battle (though) given British Columbia's earlier oil sub-basins, the federal decision left the province with just 16 per cent. (About nine per cent, over the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, belongs to France.) Gordon Brown, Nova Scotia minister of economic development, said that while the province was disappointed, it was unlikely to appeal the decision. The ruling comes the day before the all-ages gas legislation, which was put on hold during the dispute.

By The Associated Press

Network-based Business

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A VICEREGAL VIEW OF PAST AND FUTURE

Ranney: Hnatulyk was five when King George VI and Queen Elizabeth visited Saskatoon as part of their 1939 cross-Canada tour. Just over 50 years later, he was appointed Canada's 26th governor general. He was the first in living memory to wield real viceroyal power when he recommended the Queen accept Prime Minister Brian Mulroney's request in 1990 for eight temporary Senators so the Liberals could not defeat the Conservative government's GST bill in the Upper Chamber. Hnatulyk spoke to Maclean's from his Ottawa law office about the past and the future role of the Queen's representative.



Maclean's: What are your recollections of the Queen Mother?

Hnatulyk: Well, I'm old enough to remember the royal tour. George VI and Queen Elizabeth came right in front of our house. It was planned with Union Jacks.

Lots of cousins, there were a couple of occasions with Her Majesty and the Queen Mother at Sandringham, Essex. That was one of those freezing places and we were privileged to see the royal family as a family. The Queen Mother was just a going concern at the time, she was very active. We spoke quite extensively about her times in Canada. To see the close bond between the Queen Mother and Queen Elizabeth was very warming. So in a sense my wife and I have a personal reason for mourning her passing.

Maclean's: Does her passing mark the end of an era and an opportunity to rethink the role of the governor general?

Hnatulyk: I think we're coming along very well under our present system and the office has grown in uniquely Canadian terms. The governor general represents the country in a non-partisan way and is able to give leadership in celebrating excellence and achievement. The prime minister, because of the nature of that job, has to make difficult decisions that are not always popular. But it is still possible for people to rally around the Crown in the person of the governor general to bring about a sense of togetherness and unity. I think there is real advantage to that system.

Maclean's: Is there any advantage to having an elected head of state?

Hnatulyk: That would require constitutional change and it doesn't appear that is at the top of the priority list of any government for the foreseeable future. But even assuming that did take place, there would be a different dimension to the role. A popularly elected governor general would have greater legitimacy with respect to exercising his or her own discretion in areas of legislation. The political parties would try to take possession of that whole process. It would be almost irresistible for them to say *away*. And I think that would inevitably lead to a merger of the head-of-government, head-of-state office.

Maclean's: Would the office be better served with an independent appointment process so that people like yourself who come from electoral politics are not tainted with partisan activities?

Hnatulyk: Some of the media have talked about making appointments the prerogative of the committee of the Order of Canada, rather than just the prime minister. It's interesting but, how can I put that delicately, it does smack a bit of elitism in that you are vesting this responsibility in an unelected group. And then the question you have to ask, how does this happen? Do you lack



them all in a room? Do you need unanimous consent or just 50 per cent plus one?

If the prime minister was prepared to deliberate in an advisory council that would be another element to consider. But if there is a question of vesting the power of appointment in a separate group then that becomes a legal problem. If you change the method to election or selection by some group, argument as they may be, that would require constitutional change and would be very difficult to achieve.

In my case I was very grateful that my appointment was on the basis of the recommendation of Prime Minister Mulroney. But the leaders of the opposition parties were consulted and supported my nomination. I'm not sure that's always been the case.

MOURNING THE QUEEN MOTHER

The procession taking the coffin of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother to Westminster Hall was a grand pageant befitting the royal mother-in-law, who died March 30. More than 1,000 service personnel from five countries, including Canada, accompanied the gun carriage carrying the Queen Mother's coffin.

Walking behind were 14 members of the royal family.

The coffin, which will lie in state until the funeral on April 9 in Westminster Abbey, was draped with her coronation crown and a wreath from her daughter, Queen Elizabeth II. The inscription read: "In loving memory, William."





Peter C. Newman

The passionate banker

Last month's US\$153 million gain of the Bank of Montreal in the Good Ol' Boy State of Georgia by the Royal Bank of Canada means another US acquisition in less than two years. It was the latest high-stakes bid by Gordon Nixon, the 45-year-old who last led Dominion Securities, who now runs Canada's pre-eminent money machine. In the job for just eight months, Nixon is on a roll.

His first decision, to de-Canadianize the bank by changing its head from Royal to RBC, signalled his vision to ultimately emerge as a major global player, mainly in the North American market. His U.S. takeover means that this year, for the first time, more than a quarter of the Royal's revenues will flow from outside the border. Most takeovers will follow, and while nobody is saying so, this is the Royal's answer to October 1998's decision to kill its intended merger with the Bank of Montreal. If you can't get bigger at home, you step out and find new neighbors.

The first non-banker to head the Royal, Nixon was RBC Dominion Securities Inc. chairman Tony Felix's chosen replacement for what amounted to a recent takeover of the bank. It worked. As a result, its market cap rose to the highest of any Canadian com-

pany, and shareholders are currently reaping returns of 18.6 per cent. Now with assets in excess of \$362 billion, Nixon has cemented the Royal's position as leader of the pack, entering its 12 million customers through more than 2,000 offices in 30 countries.

When I recently dropped into his unpretentious office in the bank's 40-story, gold-clad headquarters tower at the foot of Toronto's Bay Street, Nixon expressed surprising passion about national issues. He told me that his main policy thrust will be to try and bring the private and public sectors closer together. "We're facing 50 regulations in 14 jurisdictions, and everybody is every self-serving," he says. "We all have agendas, and it's very difficult to put them aside. It's hard enough for individuals to establish their priorities. For corporations, it's much tougher, but clearly that's the essential job of management. What we need is closer engagement of politicians and civil servants, in terms of working through some of these issues, instead of the current push-the-blame relationship between Ottawa and Toronto. Both sides realize that you don't give a lot by constantly trying to catch up against walls."

Nixon is also one of the few corporate bigwigs concerned about what he calls the "hollowing out of corporate Canada," referring to the accelerating number of poster corporations

being snapped up by American entrepreneurs. "You cannot direct industrial policy out of golf," he adds. "Markets are markets, and which in the best interest of shareholders has to be of paramount importance. But we must create the policies and environment to allow domestic companies to thrive. As the moment, Canadian companies are being sold off at bargain basement prices because of our low dollar. Ten years from now, are we going to be competing with low-cost exporters or with high-productivity countries? With Mexico or with the United States? The amazing thing about the United States is they've had this high dollar environment, yet continued to achieve productivity gains. Our weak dollar doesn't drive the kind of productivity and innovation that we want to have in this country."

Nixon is acutely aware of the need to regenerate our roster of global corporate players. "The loss of the industrial sector is less important than how we replace them with new industries," says he. "The problem is that the league is getting harder and harder to get into all the time, because of the size requirements to compete in the international arena. Too often, we have dropped the ball. Forest products is a good example. There's no money left. Canadian steel mills are leading fire-

on product companies. The Scandinavian countries do, and they have fewer people and fewer mills. And yet we're out back and watched this industry decline in terms of economic size, output and relative importance. If you look at the biggest Canadian companies, they're much smaller than the big Scandinavian and European companies. So we have to establish an industrial culture how we're going to grow world champions."

Nixon takes his meddling often from the business side who make up his board of directors, but unlike some of the establishment's more spineless adherents, he feels passionately about maintaining great international companies that are headquartered in Canada. "There are huge spillover benefits," he states. "When people have their manufacturing operations in important, but where the intellectual and intellectual capital inside is critical. If you're just going to become a branch plant country, you're going to lose an awful lot in terms of innovation, executive opportunities and private wealth."

At the close of our interview, the country's top banker makes a startling admission. "The problem I have right now," he confesses with a grin, "is that I can actually sleep at night. There are so many things to worry about, I no longer know what I should be worrying about first."

The Royal's new boss, Gordon Nixon, worries about our ability to compete on the international stage

	Department	Location
elwick	A-1	15
icola	F-5	2
hpaith	#3	3
cho	#13	2
RAY	#4	8
2	H5	7
elcher	#2	4
er	A4	13
ARTIN	#1	8
new	BK	9
Neill	C-3	3
egado	G10	2
yk	#3	9

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BY SHARON DOYLE DRIEDGER

"We found him. He was our brother. The guy he turned out to be at the end was a very sick guy. It's not the guy we knew."

—Rosemary Basset Oweiss

"There was a guy who picked us for everything. Jobs was a giving guy. This poor man was suffering tremendously and people didn't get it. I think our lifestyles as the West Island, in this society, put a lot of pressure on people."

—Linda Milson, a neighbour

"You don't condone what he did, but I can't run the guy down because I know the people he has helped down here. Here's a guy who helped even kids on the street. The guy never forget his roots."

—Ian Stevenson, a childhood friend

Homeless got the call around 9:30 a.m., minutes after firemen arrived at the burning house in Kirkland, an upscale suburb on Montreal's West Island. This was no ordinary fire. The crew had discovered six corpses scattered through the two-story home, all with bullet wounds to the head. A .22-calibre pistol lay next to one of the bodies on the kitchen floor. Fumes and an empty gasoline can suggested arson. "It looked like a mass murder with a suicide," says Commander André Boissard, head of the Montreal police department's major crimes unit. The veteran cop left his office in an east end shopping mall and sped across town—"hush all the way"—to find a "wild scene" when he finally stepped out of the crates. "The uniformed officers looked like they were in a daze," says Boissard. "People were hysterical. There

DEATH OF A FAMILY

were newspapers all over, walking in with our better pictures. You like to be polite, but I had to throw people out of my scene."

The yellow police tape went up—first, "I blow my stack and put it back about 50 feet," Bouchard says. Then he could sympathize with the officers. The force had handled a dozen family murder-suicide that year, yet none matched, in numbers or sheer cold-bloodedness, the case that faced them last Sept. 20. The killer had apparently strangled the innocent over three days, methodically wiping out his wife, his three children and his employees, before aiming the pistol at his own head. And there was a massive twist for the members of the Kirkland fire and police departments—among them Bouchard's brother

Helen's 75-year-old father, Carroll—everyone called him Grandpa—lived in Notre-Dame-de-Gelève but spent weekends with the family in Kirkland. Police followed up on her autopsy shortly after 4 p.m.; they discovered his murdered body in his NDG flat, bringing the death toll to seven. The next day, with chilling precision, Bauer's suicide bomb landed in the mailboxes of his brother in Burlington, Que., Helen's brother in Montreal, and her cousin in Hamilton.

Murder may be no less forgivable if it is a crime of passion. But the cool, crude logic of Bauer's long confession more appalled his anguished relatives. The disclosure that he had been planning the deaths for six months punctured the memory of the surprising, generous man they thought they'd known. To the end, he had man-

agement man had acquired a large house with a swimming pool in Kirkland, a relatively affluent community due to home to many professional people and business executives. But Bauer had shunned up against his own limits. Middle-aged and noticeably out of shape, the once-promising jockey tumbled after an injury and a disastrous career reversal. His finances spun out of control, police suspect he had around illegal gambling debts, possibly leading him to run up against loan sharks and his own. Tapped, he agreed to handle the auction in December, 1998.

The tragedy, blamed on the avalanche of immediate post-Sept. 11 coverage, attracted only a fraction of the attention it might otherwise have got. Perhaps the timing, too, was one of Bauer's calculations. His own father died on Sept. 18, 1979. Rosemary Bauer O'Connor wouldn't if her brother

the Boston Street went to play baseball.

By 1968, Bauer's parents had scratched together enough money to move to the more prosperous NDG area. Then, Bauer attended St. Thomas Aquinas high school. He was a good student. But Rosemary O'Connor—a former Grade 8 classroom and the priest who gave the homily at his funeral—remembers him as serious and somewhat insecure in the world spontaneity of an all-boys' school. "He wasn't comfortable with a situation he couldn't predict," says Henry, a professor of pastoral theology at Concordia University. "The world's obvious it, so we were doing it was going to go. When you would get a kind of fiasco he would look behind." Bauer, a serious, was learning to put on a brave front—one that would ultimately burden him as an unrepentant monk.

Bauer was a natural athlete whose confidence soared on the hockey rink and the baseball field. "Sports gave him a sense to be demanding, controlling and lead," says Harry O'Connor, a policeman in Montreal, on Montreal's South Shore, a member of his lifelong friend as a rough, confident play. "But I never saw a man break in him, where he would fight or hurt somebody as a physical way," he says by his last terms, Bauer "was a

secreted himself in Quebec, just after a holiday. In the early 1970s, the NDG offered him a contract to referee. Bauer accepted, lured by the financial security of teaching. "He wanted more money than they were offering," says O'Connor. Bauer was always a big spender. In 1968, his mother at St. Joseph's Teachers College,

power, success and self-esteem. "John showed his money," says Wendy Dumas, a Montreal teacher who went to college with Bauer and his wife. "He liked to be liked. And of the worst you tell him, he would buy you a car."

Quick with the one-liner and a sometimes outrageous sense of humor, Bauer had a certain charisma—"which he could use in a room pretty quickly," says O'Connor. "He was very good at knowing how to make friends and talk to the right people." But it was easy to ignore the lapses in a kind of hearted friend. "He would go out to the city helping you," says O'Connor. "There are not a lot of people like that. John had this bad-guy attractiveness." Old friends and acquaintances remember him as a take-chance type. "I'd think was a problem, it was, 'I'd fix it,'" says Henry. "Sometimes, if you didn't know him, you'd say. This guy is an arrogant SOB." But it wasn't really arrogance, it was the ironic—

not always being sure about things.

College friends used to wonder where Bauer got his money. He had a part-time job as an NDG sporting goods store, but that wouldn't have supported his glitzy style. Instead, on good terms with his employer, a suburban owner, Bauer began to hang out to the track. "John had a silver cougar," says Steve. "He could talk anybody into anything." His own loans hid the gambler, the owner, the trainer—and learned how to be a bet on just particular horse. "Somehow somebody knew when the horse was going to win," Steve Bauer says. "He made a fortune."

Bauer refused to marry until he could afford to buy their first house. By July 10, 1998, he had saved enough to walk his bride down the aisle of St. Monica's Catholic Church in NDG—where, 25 years later, their funeral and that of their children would be held.

Bauer sought for nearly a decade. But by the early 1980s, says Steve Bauer, "He got fed up with the police in the schools. He said, 'You couldn't do your own thing, you had to follow what they put down.' Encouraged, perhaps, by his father-in-law, who worked at Molson Inc., Bauer decided to try his hand at marketing for a brewery. He started off as a representative for Carling O'Keefe, negotiating contracts with bars, restaurants and retail stores. Two years later he joined Molson, which had earlier turned him down because he lacked experience. There, in 1990, he switched to Labatt.

The outgoing force teacher started in the world of beer marketing. Bauer regularly showed up at sports banquets and charity dinners, ready to promote the brews—first, just play the role of beer dier—by supplying free drinks and handing out complimentary pints. "John was always there for us," says his friend, a childhood friend and a Montreal bartender. Not only did Bauer took up the bar and provide gifts for fundraisers and sports functions, he would readily hold the reins for a good cause. After all, what were a few cases of beer to a brewer?

Bauer fit right into the mold of the successful, if old-fashioned, suburban dad he was in control, the boss who handled the



The proud athlete at 13, displaying his trophies (left); Bauer with sister Rosemary and brothers Steve (back) and Bill (left) in 1959

Robert, a detective. They knew the murderer, John Bauer, and the victim—his wife Helen, their sons, Jonathan, 22, Wesley 18, and Justin, 13, as well as businesswoman Lucy Brodeur, all well-liked, respected insiders of the quiet community. "It was heart-wrenching for the cops," says Bouchard. "No one could believe it. They play baseball—that's how Robert knew him. 'Nicer guy in the world,' they said."

Karen Darcy had called 911 as they sat in the car the trouble following out of the house across the street. When she learned that the entire Bauer family had died, she began to worry about Elmer Carroll,

agreed to go through the motions of a seemingly normal family life. Last spring, he sent Jonathan on a golf holiday to Myrtle Beach. In July he gave Wesley a puppy on what he had decided would be his sixth birthday. All summer, he cheered from the sidelines at Justin's baseball games. "How could he mean no happy?" said Steve Bauer, his brother. "He was a very good actor."

It was a role Bauer had mastered over a lifetime. The fan-loving sports coach, the dedicated family man, the good provider for most of his life, Bauer had been financially successful. The former teacher and

deliberately chose for some time, 22 years later, to begin his final, horrible act.

Bauer rose from decidedly modest beginnings in Griffintown, an Irish working-class district on the southwest side of Montreal. He was the third of four children born to an Irish and a French-Canadian immigrant. His father worked as a butcher at Canada Packers. His mother, who passed away in 1991, kept their life scrupulously clean and their children strictly in line. This was in the 1950s, seemingly innocent times, when Johnny Bauer would jump onto his two-wheeler and head to

he bought a 1963 Dodge. "He was the first guy to get a car," says O'Connor. "He was a big shot then and he loved that." Bauer's mother was home to answer friends. "He was very giving—even as a kid," says Rosemary. "Pushing them on the street—John wouldn't give \$3, he would give \$10 or \$20." He insisted on paying for drinks, dinners. When Steve would try to pay his share, his brother would throw his money on the floor. Steve says Bauer—who in Griffintown grew up next door to a soup kitchen where deflated old men lived up for meals—had too easily absorbed North America's mean lesson: money matters.

Bauer met his wife, Helen Carroll, at the teachers' college in 1969. "She ran after him," says Dumas, a housemaid at their wedding. "He was a bit of a hero. He had money, he was an athlete and he was very sure of himself." But Dumas recalled how her early, fan-loving friend changed after the married dating Bauer. "I used to yell, 'Why don't you come out anymore?'" says Dumas. "Helen was subversive, but she was happy." O'Connor remembers how John carried Helen with gifts and attention. "He wanted Helen, so he did what needed to be done to make sure that happened." But sister Rosemary recalls how

money and made men his step-on-horns wife, his "Lark woman." lived in style. "Whenever men he had acquired—and I think they were deep cranes—John would be the No. 1 panderer," says Dumas. His favorite line at Christmas, the recall, was, "My little woman, show everyone when I got you." It might be a diamond, a fat cat on one year, a new car in the driveway with a bow on it. But Helen was never a "show-off," says Dumas, and in recent years, John's extravagance seemed to embarrass her. "She did not want me to know what she got for Christmas or her birthday," says Dumas. "What does this

The cool, crude logic of the suicide note appalled his relatives. Bauer had been planning the killings for months.

ness? Did she know it would go bad for me? At the time, I thought she felt sorry for me."

No one doubts Bauer's devotion as a father. "John's boys were his life," says Steve. The former catcher would sit at the kitchen table night after night, helping his son with their homework. He attended all their games, and took an active role as a coach, referee or manager. He spoiled them with all the latest equipment, a pool table, video games and PlayStation.

But Bauer was in demanding, to his son's instructors. A perfectionist, he pushed his sons to excel. "If they weren't No. 1," says O'Connor, "he thought they were letting the Bauer name down." At the time of his death, Jonathan, a Little League coach, was working as a bartender, striving to move out West. Much to his father's chagrin,

controlling ways. "He'd say why do we need a doorman," says Dineen. In fact, the Bauer's marriage had been showing increased signs of strain. "John used to speak his mind—yelling," says Steve. "He'd use it to get so mad. John just changed it all—I can say anything I want." But over the years, she learned to time out the man she had once pursued. She often told Dineen, "I don't listen to him."

Bauer's world began to spiral out of control in 1995, when he injured his leg. The pain didn't heal and infection set in. The pain became so excruciating, Bauer could barely walk. The former jockey who once would never get out of shape had ballooned to more than 300 pounds, doctors told him his leg wouldn't heal unless he underwent an amputation and imposed his crueler. Bauer then underwent a somewhat surprising operation. During a lengthy, ar-

Bauer was fired after showing signs of severe depression, alcohol abuse and belligerence. If so, he never confided in friends or family. Bauer told his brother he was fed up with company politics and had asked for a retirement package. The news of his departure surprised even close friends. "His job was secure, he had a car, an allowance, the money was good," says John Stasenko, a friend and a former client. "Lenny Labov was the biggest mistake he ever made." Bauer lost more than an income. He also lost a source of self-esteem—no more promising sports trophies in Labov's name. "Everybody's up in the hall, clapping, yelling and screaming, because he's a dad man," says Beuchner. "And all of a sudden he wasn't the man."

Bauer had also fought with his later Rosemary—over money. When their mother died in 1996, she left the house to her only daughter, then single and living in

NDG. The pleasant young insurance secretary got her in a rooming arrangement with Bauer as a "big teddy bear." Bauer visited Spivey only once weekly before his death—frequently, going to visit. The brother-in-law says Bauer was thinking about opening his own night spot.

Bauer got a lead on his next job during a conversation at one of John's hockey games. Beuchner, a hockey dealer who once played in the same league as the Bauer boys, ran Sport Financial Group, a small finance company, with co-owner Alan Chapin. Steve Bauer says his brother told him Beuchner invited him to work for Sport. Chapin says his partner felt sorry for Bauer and offered him a job as a fortune teller. He adds, "He had a lot of contacts, he was a good candidate for us."

The owner of Sport, which specializes in financing loans on commercial equipment, invited Bauer as a salesperson and sent him out on drum-up clients. "His job was to find out who was buying trucks and equipment, and if the bank wouldn't finance them, for a fee per cent more he would say, 'We will,'" Steve recalls. Bauer begged his brother about his high commissions. But in fact, he faced a desperate financial situation. "He was trying to live the life he was living when he was making \$60,000," says Beuchner. "To do that he had to borrow money."

A lot of it, police estimate that, by the time he died, Bauer had accumulated more than \$200,000 in debt, including two mortgages, several missed car credits, phone bills, an advance on his commissions at Sport, as well as private loans.

cash money-juggling. "By a little bit each month on this and then, oh, that, because a grand to pay someone else—that's how it went," Beuchner says. Police also speculate that Bauer had incurred gambling debts and may have even gone over money—to his dealer world. And they suspect that his eldest son, Jonathan, had lost large sums betting on games. "He didn't pay his debts," one investigator recalled. "That paid all the bills. So did we go and borrow money?"

In June, Bauer applied for an \$80,000 second mortgage—from Sport. Chapin says that while Beuchner considered it, he wasn't the idea because, among other things, Bauer did not have a solid repayment plan. After the second mortgage was turned down, Bauer stopped away from work for most of the summer, complaining about back pain. "We were calling his wife to find out what was happening," says Chapin. "The wife, 'He'll call you, he'll call you.' He never did."

Bauer was busy—financing a plan to collect on a \$400,000 life insurance policy. Steve Bauer says one investigator told him that, only weeks before the slayings, his brother had tried to hire a hit man to shoot him and Beuchner and they walked out of a bar together. But the hit man accepted and repudiated the plan to the police. According to Beuchner, the plan did not include Beuchner, and Bauer only sold a friend that he was planning to kill a killer. Whatever—when the case to the attention of the police, Bauer and it had all been a misunderstanding. "Why would I want to kill myself?" he asked, according to Beuchner.

Police believe that Bauer probably shot Helen first, then Jonathan, sometime on Tuesday morning while they were still sleeping. To find off witnesses, he called the elementary school where Helen worked in the lunch program, explaining that she was absent. He also phoned Jonathan's school to inform them of his son's absence. Wesley, who had classes all day Tuesday, was badly cut in the morning, after he returned from school. Police are not sure when Jonathan died. It may have happened when he arrived home after his shift ended at 5 a.m. on Wednesday.

On Wednesday morning, Bauer drove to his father-in-law's flat in NDG. Control appears to have been lost from behind while he was reaching to take cash from the closet. Bauer then called Canada's employees, to explain that his father-in-law would just be able to work that day because of a sore throat. Bauer had already mailed his suicide letter—police sources think this was done before the slayings began.

The afternoon, he called Beuchner and Chapin, who were playing golf, and invited them, only to take care of some outstanding business. The pursuit declined. On Thursday morning, Beuchner's colleagues rang as he drove his son to school. It was Bauer; the boy's last told police his father had a friendly conversation. John arrived there back for breakfast, but Beuchner dropped his son off before heading over to the Bauer home around 8:30 a.m. Bauer killed him, then sped his gasoline around the house, lit the fire and took his own life.



Wedding day in July, 1978, after Bauer had saved enough money to buy a house; with Helen and baby Jonathan in 1979

Wesley, a creative arts student at Dawson College, had given a sports and action up the game. "He was super nice kid," says Dineen. Jonathan's nickname was "They were polite, well brought up, under control." But they weren't quite measuring up to his lady gods, and friends say Bauer would constantly criticize and goad the boys. "He'd say always stopping in for me for his kids," says O'Connor. "From what she said, they were scared of him."

While the last bride and groom-to-be, friends say Helen, a quiet but forthright woman, would stand up to her husband's

doms. He dragged more than 100 pounds and then faced a second round of surgery. For only a year, Bauer could not work. At one point, the insurance company can off his disability payments and Helen confided to Dineen that she had to borrow money from her father.

Looking for a fresh start, Bauer applied for a transfer as Calgary with Labov. Unsuccessful, he left the company in 1993. Eric Leverage, a manager who worked at the company on the same day as Bauer, insists his former colleague made the decision to leave. But a police source indicates

he was fired after showing signs of severe depression, alcohol abuse and belligerence. If so, he never confided in friends or family. Bauer told his brother he was fed up with company politics and had asked for a retirement package. The news of his departure surprised even close friends. "His job was secure, he had a car, an allowance, the money was good," says John Stasenko, a friend and a former client. "Lenny Labov was the biggest mistake he ever made."

After he left Labov, Bauer spent his months selling automotive weighing and packaging equipment across central North America. He also took a short-term job as a night manager at Spivey, a country and western bar on a tough, rainy part of

Bauer's life began to spiral out of control with his 1997 injury. Within a few short years, he was mired in debt.

"He owed money to everybody," says Beuchner. The police investigation turned up several IOUs, including one for \$10,000 to a friend within a few weeks. He was also borrowing from his father-in-law, in a note to him about a \$6,500 loan, Bauer warned, "don't let Helen in." In a rare moment of openness, Bauer once confided in Stasenko that Helen would be better off if he were dead because she could collect his insurance. "I could give the sum to a wife," he told his friend. "But with my luck I would probably survive."

Bauer's life had become a secret, complex

He owed money to everybody," says Beuchner. The police investigation turned up several IOUs, including one for \$10,000 to a friend within a few weeks. He was also borrowing from his father-in-law, in a note to him about a \$6,500 loan, Bauer warned, "don't let Helen in." In a rare moment of openness, Bauer once confided in Stasenko that Helen would be better off if he were dead because she could collect his insurance. "I could give the sum to a wife," he told his friend. "But with my luck I would probably survive."

When Steve Bauer opened his brother's closet, he thought, at first, it was another of John's jokes. "By the time you get this one we will all be gone," Bauer began. But a few lines into the 5½-page, hand-printed letter, so deadly in its own dear. Bauer described how he had planned the slayings, and named his brother that "one of the men left any pain." He explained that he could no longer cope with the financial pressures and that Helen, too, was worried about their future. He also wrote that his children had "suffered enough" and expressed his disappointments on what he saw as



In search of a stable career, Bauer graduated from teachers' college in the early 1970s (left); relaxing at home in the late 1960s

their diminishing prospects. He killed his father-in-law because, he wrote, Casrell would not have survived without the family. He would take everybody "out of their pain," as they would be "happy together in paradise."

For Steve Bauer, that was tantamount to no explanation at all. "Five, concrete motives," he says. "But why shoot everybody? Why the kids? Because you can't give them the lifestyle you had because you are in debt and can't get out?" Steve is convinced that financial pressure is too flimsy an excuse. "They could have easily declared bankruptcy," he says. "There had to be something else that triggered it." There are others who doubt that Bauer's self-purification could be the only reason behind his actions. O'Connor says, "John never believed in heaven." O'Connor says, "Talk of 'acts of love,' of writing government in heaven, he talks, 'as he has things he writes and he is still putting on a show. That's John—putting on a show. I don't think any of it rings true.'"

Bauer's letter does not mention Bechert—this is the only victim outside his family. Investigators think the decision to kill him may have been a "last-minute thing"—revenge after Bechert and Chapot tossed down his request for a second mortgage. Police speculate that Bauer would likely have killed Bechert's partner as well if he had shown up at the house. "Absolutely I had luck—big luck," says Chapot. "It could have been me as well, but I was driving to Quebec that day."

It could take as long as three years to

write the final report detailing the elaborate crime, but police consider the Bauer case closed. "We are hoping we have everything," says Bresnahan, pointing to a cardboard box on his office floor, neatly packed with files and photo albums containing pictures of the crime scene. But, the coroner admits, "Our post-mortem can and did—there are some loose ends. The only thing we are sure of is that Mr. Bauer was the killer."

Those "loose ends" are still under discussion in Bauer's wide circle of friends and acquaintances. "Are we getting the true story?" asks one friend, concerned by growing inconsistencies in the case. "A lot of the closest friends were, 'How did Bauer manage to kill five people in a busy house without arousing his victims' or neighbors'—suspect! How could Jonathan, presumably in horror on Tuesday morning, not be aware of the killings? Why didn't the family's three dogs—one disappeared, the other two are in new houses—raise an alarm? Had Bauer been threatened by loan sharks? Had the family been threatened? Did the police miss something?"

Such lingering doubts may be fueled by the need to reconcile the brutality of the murders with the intensity of a man once loved. Among some, there is fierce anger at Bauer. "I wouldn't say John as being a Mr. Good Guy who went bad," says O'Connor. "This was a cold-blooded, multiple murder." In fact, O'Connor is angry about some of his friend's more da-

bious acquaintances and what he says was Bauer's increasing fascination with "cruelty: killing somebody or breaking somebody's legs," had begun to distance himself from his old friend. "He was into the fast lane and the big bucks, tough guys and tough cops," says O'Connor.

"We think he had an angle—somewhere, somehow, something didn't work out right." In the sense of loyalty to Bauer is remarkable. "It's hard to explain the feeling in the community," says David O'Neill, a childhood friend. "Johnny always seemed so like those five people who needed something. He got stuck a long way. Who else left knows the demons that can overtake a mind?"

No one who knew him can fathom what went through Bauer's mind in those last terrible days. "What did he do? Where did he go? Did he sleep?" Harry the former classroom teacher remembers pondering those questions as he prepared for the funeral. Harry the psychotherapist sees a man whose identity was based on his racism as a provider, and who was unable to cope with adversity and disappointment. "A man's man who lacked the ability to say, 'I am invisible,'" Harry believes. "It would be an act of despair but the outcome of a long period of despair." But not even the most elaborate psychomancy can explain the leap to mass murder. Says Harry, the priest: "The potential for evil in the darkness—that is the mystery of the human mind."

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Votes for sale

Nova Scotia has a long history of dirty campaigns

BY JOHN CUMMONT in Halifax

The man who has cast the biggest shadow over Nova Scotia's Liberal leadership race with one of the three candidates whose names will be on the ballot this week, Mike a food-truck worker from the tripped-out mining town of Glace Bay, John Harley told a television reporter that a worker for Francis MacKenzie offered him \$20 and a free Liberal membership to vote for a new leader. Harley claimed he won't tell which candidate to support. But the allegations attacked enough of vote-buying to shake up the race. MacKenzie's handlers claimed that no one working for them did anything wrong. After grudgingly looking into the allegations, the party brass also said three

had been no improprieties. But by then no one seemed to be listening. And, just like that, a campaign that was meant to be all about ideas and party renewal spiraled of old-style political corruption.

Surprise, surprise. For the last 12 years, reform-minded governments have tried to cleanse Nova Scotia's wild and woolly political culture. And, to be fair, four conservative administrations have taken big risks to root out patronage, dismantle questionable electioneering and make the province's political system more accountable. The end result: "The culture is changing," says Leonard Poirier, a political science professor at Halifax's Saint Mary's University. "But in Nova Scotia politics it still is blood sport."

Old habits do seem to be hard in a province where John Buchanan—the Tory

gerrymander whose names abound in many of the later references—once argued that "elections should not be fought on issues." The Grit vote-buying allegations, which were circulating long before Harley took them public, certainly endorse that. So do the two-run race now underway to lead the province's New Democrats, which from the start has been riddled by misadventure, including an anonymous e-mail to a reporter about a senior leader David Dwyer's 20-year-old drunk-driving conviction.

Thank it's down-and-dirty now! Back in the late 1970s, the province's election polls were open for hours at a time and candidates kept "houses of entertainment" that provided supporters with fine lodging, food and booze. Back then, pattern county sheriffs allowed only voters supporting their candidates to eat bacon. And merchants vying for power fought client debates to support them. "Where elections were fiercely contested," Halifax historian Peter Callaghan has written in his book *Johnny Bismark at the Fall: The Nova Scotia Election Riots 1798-1848*, "there could be much fraudulent voting, duress, intimidation, open bribery to gain possession of the proceedings leading up to the hearings, intimidation of voters, and great expense to candidates."

Make no mistake: Nova Scotia's politics have mellowed with time. But it's a long-established fact that run, once or twice, can do wonders when it comes to gaining an edge at the voting booth. A story handed down through generations of Liberals about the 1955 federal election illustrates how widespread vote-buying was even at that late stage. The federal Liberal candidate had a tailor in tow when he campaigned in the predominantly black community of Preston, 30 km east of Halifax. If elected, he promised, the Grits would pay a railway line that put the community. The tailor was there to measure local men for uniforms as porters—use of the few decent-paying occupations open to black males at that time. When he campaigned for re-election in 1960, the MP assumed to Preston. This time voters were promised that the rail line was really going to happen. As proof of the Liberal party's good faith, the candidate had again brought the tailor along—in case any of the Preston men had put on weight since the last time they were measured.

One prominent modern-day provincial

Tory who spoke to *Maclean's* on condition of anonymity still remembers the first election he worked on, driving through a riding with the candidate in the early 1960s, a sack of \$2 bills and a trunk full of bundles of cash as he left with Conservative poll captains. The Grits were no different: a long-time key player in the provincial party who also wished to remain anonymous recalls working for party leader Gerald Regan in the 1970 election that made him premier of Nova Scotia. After the Tories tried to buy votes by dispensing turkeys at the working-class riding of Halifax Needham, Grit operatives left party headquarters with bags of \$5 bills for voters. "You catch boy Nova Scotia voters," he remembers one of the Grit lieutenants gloating. "You can only leave them."

That memory certainly rings true for Stephen Kimber, now director of journalism at the University of King's College in Halifax. As a young radio reporter working the 1970 campaign, he caught Regan's campaign workers handing out liquor, groceries and perfume along with \$5 bills.

Says Kimber: "It would be nice to think this was some kind of isolated case. But I just don't think so."

By the late 1980s, little appeared to have really changed. That much became clear in the trial of five Liberal workers who pleaded guilty to buying votes on election day in 1988 with rum and money hidden in a Shelburne funeral home owned by a Grit M.L.A. What's noteworthy is the defence argument: that vote-buying was an endemic in Nova Scotia it was unfair to single out a few individuals. It's "to play all over," said their lawyer, Irving Pank. It certainly seemed that way in Nova Scotia's Guysborough County on the other side of the province, where, in the same election, two Tory campaign workers were fined \$390 each for delivering loads of gravel as persuade people to vote Conservative.

Those cases came on the tail end of the scandal-ridden John Buchanan years. Characterized by widespread allegations of political patronage and dishonesty, that time marked a watershed for the province. "Nova Scotia has been politically sensational ever since," says James Buckleton, a

political science professor at St. Francis Xavier University in Antigonish. "Nobody wanted to return to the patronage and corruption of the Buchanans era." Then, then, reforming the system hasn't been easy. Liberal premier John Savage faced open revolt within his own party, and eventually resigned in 1997 after, among other things, trying to eliminate party patronage.

His party's attempts to democratize how it chooses new leaders have also run into problems. In 1992, Liberal party members were assigned personal identification numbers to allow them to vote by telephone. But a Sydney lawyer named Nash Brogan, who claimed 250 new members had coded their PINs as "him," was shopping that block of votes around to candidates. No one took him up on that, and a party investigation found that Brogan's offer was against the spirit but not the letter of the campaign rules. A decade later, again under fire for possible voting improprieties, the Grits are saying the process is clean. But in a province where anything goes in the political arena, these words have a distinctly hollow ring.

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'The gates to hell'

Positions harden as the Middle East crisis threatens to spiral out of control

BY JONATHAN GATHEHOUSE

It is a frozen moment that now speaks of high hopes, missed opportunities and betrayed expectations. A giggling Yasser Arafat being gently pushed through an open doorway by a grinning Ehud Barak, Bill Clinton, who towers over the two leaders, clearing the threshold for the Palestinian and Israeli peace-makers. It is only 20 months since that photograph was taken at Camp David, but it seems that everything—and in the same sense, nothing—has changed in the Middle East. The progress and promise of years of negotiation has disintegrated. Violent clashes and suicide bombings, once fading nightmares, are now daily realities. Two of the main players in the drama have been replaced, and the third cowers on the brink.

And just when it appears that things cannot possibly get worse, they do. This past week witnessed a profaned escalation in a crisis that now threatens to engulf the entire region. Charged by a series of suicide attacks by Palestinian extremists during the Passover week, Israel has mounted its largest military operation in two decades. Thousands of Israeli soldiers, backed by tanks, artillery and aircraft, swept into West Bank towns, camps and refugee camps, sparking fierce street battles with Palestinian Authority police and local militias. In Bethlehem, Israeli troops laid siege to the Church of the Nativity, built on the spot where Christ is believed to have been born, after Palestinian gunmen took refuge in the shrine.

Dozens have been killed in the fighting throughout the West Bank, and hundreds of Palestinian men have been arrested in



the security crackdown. During the week, Arafat remained confined to his Ramallah offices, while Ariel Sharon openly resented about sending him into exile. There have been clashes with Hezbollah guerrillas along the Lebanese border, while around the world furious crowds demonstrated,

condemning the Israeli incursions and demanding the Bush administration's rapid attempts to bring a halt to the violence.

With the spectre of all-out war now looming on the horizon, all sides in the conflict appear anxious how to chart a path forward. George W. Bush has called for an Israeli withdrawal, while Secretary of State Colin Powell is due to arrive in the Middle East this week to yet another peace mission. But it seems unlikely that Arafat and Sharon, lockstep antagonists for decades, are ready to forge a new understanding between their peoples' leaders, the blame game continues. And what were once warring blocs on the road to peace have become intractable obstacles.

The Israeli view

A passionate and politicized society, Israel has always been short on consensus. For

The promise of Camp David (bottom left) has long since disappeared: Palestinians apprehended in the Israeli crackdown

decades, power has passed back and forth between left and right, the fortunes of Labour and Likud rising and falling as the elections rushed to embrace the prospect of peace or the promise of security. Not anymore. Eighteen months of mounting violence have left Israel dispirited and depressed, but united in a way they have rarely been before. Ariel Sharon swept to power in February 2001, on the promise of more peace and security, though he has failed to deliver either, few Israelis are inclined to hold him responsible. "Most people would put the blame squarely on Arafat, not Sharon," says Asher Susser, director of the Moshe Dayan Center for Middle Eastern Studies at Tel Aviv University. "They feel the Palestinians chose the path of violence."

Support for the current military campaign, fuelled by a national sense of outrage over the deadly Passover attacks, is running high: 72 per cent according to a *Jerusalem Post* poll, with almost a quarter of respondents agreeing that Arafat should be "eliminated"—a euphemism for killed. The response rate among the 30,000 army reservists called to duty is reportedly overwhelming. Central to Israeli's general disillusionment with the peace process is a strong shared belief that the dovish Barak offered Arafat the deal of the century at Camp David. Everything was on the table,

Israelis will tell you—shared control of Jerusalem, the dismantling of Israeli settlements in the occupied territories, a solution to the refugee problem. "Arafat missed a golden opportunity and therefore the frustration," says Haim Elwan, Israeli ambassador in Canada. "What a waste—the lion, the destruction. If he had carried on with the Camp David process, who knows where we would be today?"

Elwan awakes his own memories of the summer of 2000, painting a picture of two societies that were rapidly coming together. Israeli Jews flocking to Gaza to shop for fruit and vegetables because of the low prices, he says, Palestinians were crossing over to Israel in record numbers to work. The promise has been replaced by misery because Arafat and his advisers were unwilling to take up Israel's extended hand, says Elwan.

Now the situation has changed. Eighteen months of violence and suicide attacks have permanently altered the political landscape. The current military campaign is making that clear, says the ambassador: "We are sending a message that we are changing the rules of the game. No more ceasefire gestures. No more giving it another try, hoping that the international community will put pressure on Arafat. The message is that Arafat will have to take personal responsibility for what happens from now on."

Susser tells of "unilateral redeployment"—a cold peace, backed up by military force. After an eventual withdrawal from the territories, Israel will fall into a defensive posture, he predicts, pulling back to military strongholds, more isolated Jewish settlements and moving the border into larger, more easily protected blocks. Proposals to build a security perimeter around the Palestinians, penning them in with high-tech fences, is already gaining approval, he notes. In other words, the promise of security—with or without a peace agreement or ceasefire. "Even now, despite that the Israeli offer at Camp David was insufficient, why is there no withdrawal? Israel is celebrating. Passover, bombing, Israeli out of existence?" Susser asks. "Both sides have shifted to the extremes. And that makes things extremely difficult for the future."

The Palestinian view

An occupation without end, a flimsy of broken promises. If Israelis feel betrayed by the breakdown of the peace process, Palestinians feel cheated. In their view, the historic 1993 Oslo agreement was a binding contract for a free and separate Palestinian homeland, a deal the Israeli government never had any intention of honouring. The road to peace became unworkable because of barricades Barak erected and his insufficient offers at Camp David, they say. Now Sharon is busy digging up the pavement. "Sharon wants to undo Oslo by dismantling the Palestinian Authority and militarily defeating the Palestinian people," says Hassan Abdel Rahman, the Palestinian's diplomatic representative to the United States. "It is a very dangerous agenda because if he is left free and unopposed, he is freely opening the gates to hell."

It was Sharon who sparked the intifada,



An Israeli soldier in Ramatleth (left); Sharon has moved about ending Anfat, aftermath of a March 31 bombing in Heifa (right)



says Rahman, repeating an almost universally held Palestinian view. His September 2000 visit to the al-Aqsa Mosque plaza, also known as the Temple Mount—a holy site for both Jews and Muslims—was a provocation, a declaration of religious war. The Israeli army's heavy-handed response to the Arab riots that followed aggravated the cycle of revenge and retaliation.

When the subject of the Camp David talks is raised, Rahman sighs and looks into a well-rehearsed rehearsal of what he calls the "myth of Israeli generous offer. There was no written proposal, says Rahman, who participated in the negotiations, only vague promises delivered via U.S. officials. "The maximum they offered was 69 per cent of the West Bank and Gaza. The 11 per cent they wanted to keep were all the settlements, the Bush water aqueduct, and the borders with Jordan and Egypt. Bush was offering us Gaza. Barzani" is reference to the sparsely inhabited "landless" in South Africa surrounded by Israel, listed together by Canada and Britain. "Jerusalem would have remained a city under Israeli control, with a small Arab 'ghetto' surrounded by settlements, he says. The Palestinian refugees were to be lobbed off on state concerns without even so much as an apology for the land they lost in 1948, and Israel was proposing a continued military presence in parts of the West Bank. "It was totally unacceptable," says Rahman.

Rasul Salim, a specialist in Middle Eastern politics at Concordia University in Montreal, says the Palestinian people have been deeply disillusioned by the yawning gap between their expectations of peace and the reality they were living in. "What was promised at Oslo, and promised after Oslo, was progressively being renegotiated,"

says Salim. "The culture of peace, the dynamics of peace was gradually eroded. It gave me in very radical forms in Palestinian society that Anfat can't control, and in many ways, doesn't want to control." Even if Anfat is forced out or removed from power, the situation is unlikely to change, says Salim. "The Palestinians aren't about to accept less than they've been offered in the past," he says.

Rahman says Israel's demands that Anfat bring an end to the suicide attacks—demands echoed by the U.S., Canada and many other nations—are ludicrous. If Israel wants to end the attacks, can't they stop the bombings, how can the Palestinian Authority chairman, a prisoner in his own office, be able to? "This is a way of saying we do not agree with, but we understand why it happens," Rahman says of the suicide attacks. "We have to change the environment. The solution to this problem is to end Israeli 54-year military occupation."

The American view

A pit of quarrels within a nation, deep in the heart of a forbidding swamp. For the world's one remaining superpower, the Israeli-Palestinian problem is at once its greatest challenge and its most uncomfortable bill. Clinton, haunted by a sex scandal, tried to build a legacy by devising his considerable charisma to brokering a peace deal. He failed, and will instead go down in history as the host of a million off-colour late-night talk-show jokes. Bush came to office determined not to spend his political capital away from home. Sept. 11 changed that, and now the President understands the foreign and domestic crises who charge that his administration's hands-off approach has allowed the situation to spin out of control.

"Bush thought America was overextended and that Clinton was frittering away his presidential power in his day-to-day involvement in the crisis," says Scott Lasensky, a fellow with the New York-based Council on Foreign Relations and former adviser to Al Gore. "But now the violence is worse and Clinton is a bit more of a distant memory." Lasensky says the Sept. 11 attacks have changed all aspects of American foreign policy. Bush wants to end the goodwill of the Arab world for the next stage of the war on terrorism, widely presumed to be punitive military action against Iraq. The only way to assure that support is to find some way out of the current turmoil. "The No 1 priority is to dampen the flames," says Lasensky. A more permanent solution, the kind Clinton gambled on, is probably too much to hope for in this scenario. "There is no magic bullet. We're not going to send an army. All we have is moral suasion—the power of the pulpit."

Richard Barabanks, a former ambassador-at-large and peace negotiator to the region, says he sees little room for a solution while Anfat and Sharon remain in power. "The most we can hope for is a cessation," he notes. "A feeling that the war has gone too far, and understanding to let daily life go on." Those who criticize the United States for its failure to broker, or impose, a peace settlement fail to recognize how intractable the problems are and how deep the animosity runs, says Barabanks, now a member of the Center for Strategic & International Studies, a Washington think-tank. "If anyone has a brilliant idea as to how to pull everybody back from the brink, that would be useful," he says. "But simply bearing up on the U.S. for not doing it well enough is not particularly helpful."

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'A little accident'

A daughter searches for the truth behind the 1983 killing of her journalist father

The confrontation in February of the killing in Pakistan of *Wall Street Journal* reporter Daniel Pearl, and the recent unearthing of Toronto Star correspondent Kathleen Kovacs while covering the war in Afghanistan, have graphically underscored the dangers some journalists routinely face. The mainstream group *Canadian Journalists for Free Expression* reports that at least nine reporters have died this year while performing their duties, and investigations are ongoing into the reasons for the deaths of three others. The danger is not new: in September 1983, Clark Todd, a 36-year-old London-based reporter for CTV, was killed while covering the war in Lebanon. A member of *Seven News*, N.B., Todd was an award-winning journalist, and one of the network's top stars. But to the young, broad-based family he left behind, that was the only thing they knew. He was a 37-year-old father, a doctor, a mother and television reporter with the BBC, newly married for his father's last days, and never the moment for the family.

Clark Todd. One of Canada's top reporters. The Middle East, Beirut, Northern Ireland, Poland — wherever there was a story, he was there. The consummate professional, and famous April 1 didn't know this man at all.

Clark Todd, the father. One of the finest war reporters in Halifax, a small town in England. That was the man I would up for. He'd come and kiss me good night. His eyes would be smiling, his mouth smiling from the office. This was the man I made popcorn with when I couldn't sleep. The man who filled our meekness on Christmas Eve. The man who drove us to school singing *On Top of Spaghetti* at the top of our voices.

About 20 years ago, the two worlds collided. Canada lost a first-class reporter. My then four-year-old brother, six-year-old sister and I—aged nine—lost a first-class father, my Mom, the man who loved.

One day late February, I was at work, try-

ing up some loose ends and preparing to go home at about 10 o'clock, when the phone rang. It was my mother, Anna. "Daniel Pearl's dead," she said. "He's been murdered." My heart sank. Until that moment there had been a storm of hope. Now, nothing. Pearl had been missing in Pakistan for weeks before his death was finally confirmed. This element of "not knowing" is something my family—and particularly my mother—knows all too well.

I remember the week in September, 1983. We'd known for a few days that our father had been injured in Lebanon. "Daddy had a little accident," my Mom said. "But they're trying to get him home soon." It didn't really affect us—after all, he was always getting himself into tight situations. Had been his with a plastic bullet in Northern Ireland, he'd been arrested in Poland, the war was just another story to tell our friends at school.

Then, a few nights later, I went downstairs to see how Daddy was. My Mom sat me on their bed and told me he was dead. His body had been found in a place called Kfir Mitzra. I felt numb. I didn't cry. I had to be strong. We had the funeral and we had the week-off school and we read letters from people around the world and I had this great story to tell my friends... but sleep-down, I felt desperate. Desperate because I knew this: no matter how much I sat in class, wishing he would smile at me and scoop me up in his arms, he was never, ever coming back.

Earlier that year, my sister, brother and I decided to make the trip to Lebanon and Kfir Mitzra. We wanted to find out where, and if possible how, our Dad died. We wanted to find out why he asked everything to tell you—the people of Canada—a story.

I was filled with anticipation as we drove up to Kfir Mitzra, a 40-minute journey

from Beirut. In my dreams, my tall, grey-haired father, with hands like stone, was there to meet us. I would be like him, I knew. Little Ben sitting on his shoulders. After and I would hold a hand each. Needless to say, he wasn't. Instead, we were met by Adrian Dabli, a respected member of the community, who wore my mother after Dad's death, detailing village's somber of events. He also sent us a pillowcase upon which Dad had written in his final hours. It included the message "Please tell my family I love them." This bloody pillowcase is our final moment.

To break the ice, I show the village a photograph of my family standing outside our house in England. My Dad, seven years old at all. He's smiling. Like a middle-aged man called Frank shows me a book of photographs. I catch my breath as he turns page after page of bodies, gilded up—many in the room in which were now standing. His poem to a building, morning report at the first of the day. "This is my mother."

I don't know what to say. What surprised me most in Kfir Mitzra was that almost everyone remembered Dad. Probably better than Ben, who was barely four when he died. They scrambled to tell us their memories of a "good man" who laughed with them but also warned them to leave the village. One man, Fred, pointed, with startling accuracy, to the spot where a shell had exploded and he showed his Dad in the top left of his chest. Said apparently helped him down to an arched orifice where he lay on a bed while a local man was surrounded. The rest of Dad's crew—journalists, soundman and driver—left soon after to get help. The villagers said Dad would save his life—dramatic. He might have survived, if the Christian militia—the Phalangists—hadn't attacked that Druze village the following morning.

One hundred and nine people were



Anna Todd (right) with her family in Lebanon, 1983.

ground down as they hid in the damp dark cellars near where my Dad lay. Many others were taken hostage and crowded. Twenty-five-year-old Mami now sits dinner in the room where her 14-year-old sister and 29 others died, including Fossil's mother.

Fossil, 16 at the time, was taken hostage. He rolls up his sleeve to reveal scars on his wrists. He had to tell himself by being through his skin. One man, Mami, was the first to die when the 19-litre burst in. Five of them escaped through a back door. His grandmother didn't make it. The people in Kfar Mima said my Dad didn't suffer.

The Phosphate bond his means. An elderly man, Salah, whose life had been spent, told them it was only a wounded American journalist and they should have him. They didn't. "I heard them say bad words at him and they shot him too," he said.

Kfar Mima is a sleepy village high up in the mountains south of Beirut. These days, children run through the ruins and old men play cards, sitting on upturned crates. The view across the valley is breathtaking: the sea, green and cool. It's almost impossible to believe the horror that happened here. My sister Alex made friends with Mami, who saw her sister die. Alex asked her if she was religious. "No." Did she understand religion? "No." Did she understand politics? "No." Did she know why her sister was killed, and others spent? "No." Some people say time heals, but it doesn't answer questions. Mami's confusion—like ours—haunts her.

We left the village, feeling strangely uplifted. We finally had some understanding of what happened. But later that evening, we met Karmi, the driver for Dad's crew, and he told us again. He pointed on an aerial photo in the hotel room and, pointing for dramatic effect, he carried the "script" of what happened on his shoulder. He said they had wanted to leave Kfar Mima much earlier. They were held back by another crew, unrelated to them, who were too scared and refused to go. My Dad wouldn't go without them. When they eventually moved, Dad was hit in the chest by a sniper's bullet. "Not champagne?" we asked Karmi. "No, a sniper." They helped him to an empty house and held paddling to his chest. Dad told them he was dying, and they should go. Karmi said if they'd



The pillowcase on which Clark Todd wrote his final message to his family (top); Alex interviewing sister Mami in Lebanon (right); their father reporting in Northern Ireland



saved, they too, would have been killed. The other, foreign crew—the one they'd bloody well wanted for—had already died. Karmi admitted he only knew what happened up to that point. But he said the village was hit. They searched around when Dad was hit. And, yes, he was seriously injured. "Of course he was. He had blood dripping from his mouth." Karmi and no one was available to look after him. Karmi believed Dad would have died quickly.

Maybe I should have felt sorry for Karmi, but at that moment I hated him. I left the room. I was furious. Then, I started crying. What if the village didn't get hit? Had they done it to make us feel better? Or did they simply want us to listen to their story? It was then that I realized we'll never know what really happened. This was 20 years ago. War is mayhem. There is no order to events. The only person who knows is Dad. And he's gone.

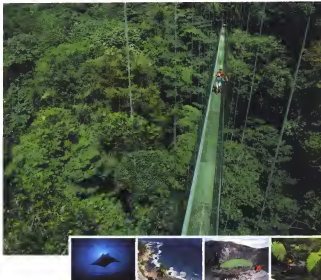
The scars of the civil war in Lebanon, both physical and mental, are still apparent. The most people will not believe. But

there are the same people you see on the news in 1985—the people say Dad interviewed and filmed, so when would know what was happening to them. They're real people. What happened to them is real. One Lebanese woman told me that during the civil war "death was the norm, life an exception." I believe my Dad wanted to tell Canada the truth. And while he was in it, he became a part of normal life in Lebanon.

It's now several months since Alex, Ben and I returned from our trip, and people keep asking me whether the journey has brought closure. Since then, I've written an article for a British newspaper, done a short radio documentary for the BBC, and done an interview with my Mum for the BBC World Service. Daniel Pearl, another 38-year-old journalist, has been murdered... and now I am writing this for Mami.

So, in answer to their question—definitely "No." Instead, it has brought Clark Todd—both the Canadian journalist and my father—back to life.

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THE DEATH OF THE VCR

From DVDs to video on demand, new digital offerings are squeezing out tape

BY DEREK CHIZZI

The takeover began quietly. In the beginning, DVD movies occupied only a corner of your local video store. The first players on the market were mostly the domain of rich kids and moviepuffs who wanted better quality picture and sound. But as prices fell, the trickle became a flood, and video stores were soon knee-deep in shiny-disk listening, with extra content like trailers, deleted scenes and "making-of" documentaries. While many of Blockbuster Canada's last 367 outlets today and digital video discs have spread across more than a third of the store, putting the squeeze on their Video Home System—VHS, that is—tape rivals. So to say, the slow death of the video cassette recorder has begun.

But with VCRs—often several VCRs—in nearly every Canadian household, and boxes of videotapes cluttering basements and closets, it will be a challenge for new formats to supplant the old. Nevertheless, at the digital revolution presses forward, nearly every industry at auction is being transformed. And with the emergence of personal video recorders, DVD burners and video-on-demand services, the battle over what to play back on your television will only intensify.

Just as the advent of the compact disc revolutionized the music industry, the arrival of DVD players, many of which are compatible with audio CD and MP3 formats, has breathed new life into the home entertainment industry. "It's bringing people back to the home theater," says Roban Powell, senior marketing manager for Sony of Canada Ltd. "We see them spending on advanced audio systems and better quality speakers." Ironically, he adds, sales for dedicated CD players have declined.

A wider lifestyle trend has helped fuel the growth of technologies for the living room. Even seven months later, the industry points to the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks as the impetus behind products "serving" babies. Survey members from only



Not for the first time has the home entertainment format given way to another

2002 show people intend to spend more on home entertainment. That can mean anything from a flat-screen TV to a Microsoft Xbox gaming system. DVD players, for instance, were among the hottest items this past holiday season. Price was no longer a hurdle—a low-end player now costs as little as \$180. Sales are healthy, too. "It was strong," says Lou DeCina, senior manager of corporate communications for Future Shop Ltd., Canada's largest chain of consumer electronics stores. "It surpassed our wildest expectations." The company's 95 outlets sold a combined 100,000 units. "Wholesaler" shipments to retailers in 2001 were 17 million units of 1998, the year players were introduced in Canada. "That makes DVD the fastest-growing category in the history of electronics," says Powell.

The DVD frenzy has had a ripple effect on rentals. Last September, Ontario-based Blockbuster Inc., parent of the Canadian

chain, announced it would eliminate a quarter of its VHS-format movies to make more room for DVDs. Chuck Vander Lee, president and CEO of Rogers Video (owned by Matsushita, the Toronto-based Rogers Communications Inc.), agrees the digital format is growing quickly. "Today, 30 per cent of the rental dollar is going to DVD and 70 per cent to VHS. By the end of 2003, we expect it going to be a 50-50 proposition. And come 2006, we'd see the product, none of the 260 Rogers outlets across the country will be selling open inventory. [Rentals will continue as long as there is demand.]

But the VCR still has one advantage over DVD: the ability to record your favorite programs and movies at an affordable price. Today VCRs with a decent array of features can be bought for as little as \$90 at the grocery store, while a recordable DVD player—will use new technology—will cost you upwards of \$2,500. Still, that

advantage won't last long. Eventually, the cost of any technology drops. And considering that shelf sales place, manufacturers like the Netherlands' Royal Philips Electronics NV have announced they will start shipping DVD players in a space-saving combo with a built-in personal video recorder—a compact hand disk for capturing and playing back television programs. These high-capacity systems—think of them as digital VCRs—promise to revolutionize the way we watch the tube.

While dedicated personal video recorders have been available in the United States for a few years under such brands as TiVo, they were introduced in Canada just last fall by smaller broadcaster Bell ExpressVu. Broadcast signals are downloaded from either satellite or cable onto the PVR's hard disk. Using an on-screen menu and TV pads, viewers can select programs for recording, indexing or playback, all with a few simple clicks of the remote. Thanks to the speed of computer disk access, the technology even allows for instant replays of live TV (you can catch up during the next commercial). No more scanning through piles of VHS tapes to find the latest episode of *The X-Files* you hope you recorded earlier in the week.

But it all comes at a price. Bell's \$160 PVR sells for \$699, which includes a built-in satellite receiver and a 40-gigabyte hard drive which can record up to 30 hours of content. "VCRs never fulfilled the promise that people originally bought them for in the Seventies," says Stuart Morris, marketing vice-president for Bell ExpressVu. "They were going to tape shows and watch them later. In an incredibly simple way, the PVR provides that promise."

Calgary-based Shaw Communications Inc. plans to launch PVR boxes for its 440,000 digital cable subscribers later this year. "I don't think it's a killer application because the boxes are not cheap," says Shaw president Peter Bissonnette. He and other cable houses are more excited about the potential of video on demand. Shaw is developing a service, while Rogers Cable Inc. has launched VOD in central Toronto and will expand to reach this summer.

VOD is another format opened up by digital technology. Viewers can order movies, and eventually other types of content, with a click of the remote, sometimes like a pay-per-view movie. But unlike pay-per-view—which runs every half hour or

so, and lasts only for the run of the program—VOD is available for viewing instantly on a single channel dedicated to your household, and "on-air" windows can be 24 hours or a weekend. (Nor does this guarantee you then looking up your VCR through the decoder to tape the movie.) As well, VOD works like a VCR—Rogers' service allows the viewer to stop, play, pause and search forward

able to subscribe to sporting events, children's programming or a season's worth of their favourite programs, such as *Scrubs* and *The Guy or The Guyz*, and watch archived and new episodes whenever and as often as they like, eliminating the need to tape a TV show or movie. "Viewers," he adds, "are going to get access to a range of different content, very narrow niche content, that never would have been

'VCRs never fulfilled the promise that people originally bought them for in the Seventies'

and backward. Feature films will begin running about 45 to 60 days after their video store release date, at the same time as pay-per-view. At \$4.99, the price for VOD movies will be comparable to rentals (and about a dollar higher than pay-per-view), that's about the cost of a digital cable decoder box (\$10.95 a month). "Basically, VOD gives greater control, choice and convenience," argues Mike Lee, vice-president for new product development at Rogers Cable.

Let's pause a day when people will be

the light of day in broadcast because the economics don't work." In the U.S., where VOD has been available for the past two years, Hollywood has accounts for only about half of viewers' orders.

The way VOD promises to work instead of the 500-channel universe, there'll be only one channel, in which you choose the content. Clearly, though, there will be many new alternatives as the banks for the family room of the nation begin to open. So be sure to your VCR—it probably won't be around much longer.

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Ed Hyman has been Wall Street's top-ranked economist for more than two decades. In that time he and his partner in ISI Group, Nancy Lazar, have developed the firm's most comprehensive economic reporting and analysis service. They publish hundreds of charts on economics and stock markets, updating them regularly. So thorough is their work that U.S. investment managers sometimes say to me, "I don't really need to read anything economist except Ed."

It is the scale of their analysis that makes their report, stunningly accurate, economic forecasting so noteworthy. They have been making great economic calls using two indicators—short-term interest rates across the Group of Seven industrial nations, and the price of crude oil.

What they have discovered is the best time between changes in those two rates and changes in industrial production, retail sales and real (inflation-adjusted) GDP. The lead times vary somewhat, but ISI's back-testing reveals the lead/lag for different sectors of the economy—and different economies.

For example, their model predicts that U.S. industrial production will rise—from being down five per cent year-over-year to being up five per cent—by mid-year. For that call, they use a lag of 12 months behind interest rates and oil prices. In other words, it takes that long for the plunge in interest rates and oil to produce economic lift-off.

They believe automotive production is already at the levels their model had forecast for cars—for that sector they use a lag of 12 months behind interest rates, but just four months behind oil prices. Their model predicts a real boom in paper production (great news for Canadian companies)—from being down six per cent to being up by five per cent—by mid-year.

Why are they so confident? Because they have been working for two years on this project. In the early stages they published the charts showing what should happen, but did their own forecasting, using more conventional analysis. Now, they publish charts showing the relationship between oil, interest rates and the economy over the past two decades,

projecting what comes next based on those past data.

Lastly, they've taken their work global. I just received their predictions for industrial production in Brazil and Mexico. In each case, they are calling for booming conditions later this year. For Brazil, they use a lag of 11 months behind G7 short-term rates and oil, for Mexico, just six months.

Ed and Nancy coined the phrase "The Perfect Storm" to describe the conditions that led to last year's economic crisis: rising short-term interest rates, rising oil prices and a collapsing Nasdaq. Then they correctly predicted "The Perfect Recovery" based on the collapse in short-term rates and oil prices—and the bounce in Nasdaq. The more work they do, the less they need Nasdaq in their forecasting, which is a good thing, because Nasdaq's rally turned out to be what the Street calls "a dead cat bounce." Many technology stocks have resumed their slide toward oblivion, even as most other sectors—

particularly basic materials—enter new bull markets.

The famed Peter Lynch said, "If you spend 15 minutes a year on economics, you've wasted 30 minutes." That was somewhat overkill. While he was reminding us the weakness of some investors to read their own economies—and then end up confused by the contradictions. (It was George Bernard Shaw who observed that if you list all the world's economies and so on, they still wouldn't reach a conclusion.)

What Ed and Nancy are predicting these days is a challenge to the economics profession. If their computer-driven forecasts continue to work out, based on just interest rates and oil, then technology will indeed have achieved a productivity breakthrough. We won't need thousands—or even dozens—of economists to tell us what's coming up. This would be the equivalent of Moore's Law applied to economics. (Moore's Law, you'll recall, says that computer processing power will double as roughly 18 months.)

It's far too early for anyone to make this kind of forecast. I only find it hard to believe that economists can be made redundant by technology. Besides, some of my best friends are economists.

ISI's model says the economy will stay strong until at least summer. But if oil prices were to rise—or even stay where they are now—and central banks began raising interest rates sharply, 2003 would be a rough year for the global economy. The automated economic forecaster says so.

Donald Coxie is chairman of Harris Investment Management in Chicago and of Toronto-based Jones Research Investments.

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Sick and so very tired

Sufferers of chronic fatigue syndrome battle disabilities and misunderstanding

BY DANYLO HRYVALESHKA

Abbylly Roll's mother is reluctant to have her come to the phone. She's worried that answering questions will take too much out of the 19-year-old, but Abbylly says she's faking up to it. Because of chronic fatigue syndrome, Roll is almost a

prisoners of the rhine in Burnaby, B.C. She endures numbing fatigue that confines her to a wheelchair on the rare occasions she gets out. Like some other CFS patients, Koil developed chemical sensitivities; in her case severe ones. Fragranced hair-sprays, shampoo, conditioner, deodorant, soap, laundry detergent, hand creams—all

can trigger her asthma, diagnosed as nine
 years old. Vissers have to abstain from working
 their hair for at least two days before drop-
 ping by CJS for Rail hand eight years ago,
 when she was a bubbly striver. A 11-year-
 old who played on the school basketball
 team, coasted with a performing dance
 troupe and liked to swim and do gymnastics.

ties. "I lived my life before this happened," she says sadly. "Now, I can't do anything."

Chronic fatigue syndrome comes with a lot of baggage. In far of suspected and elusive causes and triggers seems as long as the bulging catalogue of symptoms which afflict people. Frustration among patients, friends and family is often compounded by the significant proportion of physicians who take the attitude that much of what ails the patients is in their heads. CFS advocates are pleased that diagnostic approach appears to be diminishing among doctors, but they still see it as a big part of their problem.

Despite increasing widespread attention in the late 1980s, the syndrome remains below most people's radar today. CFS patients still have trouble getting others to accept that they're not just tired. The name alone may discourage some people with no first-hand experience of the condition from taking it seriously. "Chronic fatigue syndrome is a horrible name because it's so demeaning," says Dr. Alison Bond, who treats hundreds of severely disabled patients in her Toronto office. "Everybody just says, 'Oh, I'm tired too.'" The subjective nature of many of the symptoms and the absence of a definitive test only add to the confusion. Treatment is limited to trying to alleviate the various symptoms as they arise. Most people can hope to regain only some fraction of their former capabilities; full recovery is more rare. But so far, at least, there is nothing to suggest CFS is contagious.

Women, it appears, are two to four times as likely as men to suffer from CFS, but why that is remains unknown. The numbers available are evidence of an enormous medical problem. Studies suggest that at least 900,000 people suffer from CFS in North America—possibly many more. The condition does not appear to be fatal, nor is it always debilitating. But it has undoubtedly dented the lives of hundreds of thousands of women and men in North America and Europe (in incidence in developing countries may be underappreciated).

CFS can affect all age groups from very small to socioeconomic background, it appears to impact both the body's immune, nervous and endocrine systems. The all-out attack can produce a broad range of symptoms: aching muscles and joints, recurrent sore throat, swollen



Lewis says it took "a determined act of will" to regain his energy after a bout of CFS.

lymph glands, difficulty concentrating, poor memory, feverish feelings, headache, low blood pressure, irritable bowels, environmental sensitivities including hypersensitivity to sound and light, loss of appetite, muscle spasms, sleep disturbances, reactive depression to being chronically ill, and—last but certainly not least—mental and physical exhaustion so profound it can confine people to bed for months, even years. The majority of people with CFS also have fibromyalgia, a painful disorder characterized by muscle tenderness and stiffness throughout the body.

Even the diagnosis of CFS is far from straightforward. It is done by exclusion—determining what the patient *doesn't* have. In essence, it's what's left after physicians rule out other debilitating conditions from the list of possible causes (page 45). Dr. Bruce Carruthers, a specialist in internal medicine now semi-retired on B.C.'s Galiano Island, has treated 1,500 CFS patients. "It's been called an orphaned disease," he says, echoing the frustration of many who feel CFS doesn't get the recognition and understanding it deserves.

Bond, however, was delighted to see almost 400 physicians and scientists at the American Association for Chronic Fatigue Syndrome's most recent international conference in Seattle. Various other conferences she attended before that in Europe drew just one or two dozen. And while a definitive explanation for how CFS works is far from common cause, a Belgian researcher thinks he's found an answer. The

work is just beginning, says Bond. "It's like AIDS was 20 years ago. We're just scratching the surface."

STEPHEN LEWIS, 64

United Nations special envoy

To many, the name Stephen Lewis is synonymous with an abundance of energy. Lewis is a former Canadian ambassador to the United Nations and a one-time leader of the Ontario NDP. Today, he gets to Africa monthly as UN special envoy for HIV/AIDS. But for a year starting in 1991, it was another story. "It was so bizarre, it's hard to phrase it," Lewis tells *Maclean's*. "I was simply clobbered. I was worn." At the height of the syndrome's crushing grip, his daily routine was simple. "There wasn't one," Lewis can now say with a chuckle. "The routine was largely to move from toilet to immobility." There was nothing funny about it at the time. "I couldn't stand it," he says. "To be so completely immobilized was the most depressing period of my adult life."

A number of CFS patients experience the syndrome's onset after some sort of physical trauma. A car accident can do it, Lewis believes his meltdown began in late 1990, when he was giving a luncheon speech in Montreal. The room was dimly lit during his audiovisual presentation when he slipped off the stage and broke his hip. Lewis was up on crutches soon afterward, giving more speeches, always pushing hard. That lasted about six months—then it all came to a crashing halt. Suddenly exhausted, he had to cancel

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Figure 1. The effect of the concentration of the inhibitor on the rate of polymerization.





Given an energetic high-school teacher, Van Gijn was bedridden for two years

don't have hard evidence in front of them—an X-ray that's abnormal, a blood test that shows the problem—there is a tendency for people to think the problem is psychological," says Mennie. "What they mean by that is that it is imaginary."

But that's not what the good clinical argues Mennie Houle, a Montreal psychologist who sat on the task force that drew them up for Quebec physicians. Houle, who counsels patients with severe CFS, says that just how "real" symptoms may be can depend on what patients make of them. An ill-prepared student who wakes up with stomach pain the morning of a crucial final exam, for instance, is inclined to give in to the symptoms to put off writing the test. "You will not interpret that bellyache in the same way," says Houle. "If you are two hours from going out with the girl of your dreams, right?"

"JEFF" 44

Former corporate lawyer

Bellyaching has nothing to do with chronic fatigue syndrome, says Jeff, a Toronto lawyer who has not been able to work in almost five years. Jeff, a private, quiet man who asked that his real name not be used, vividly recalls the last Saturday in April, 1996. He was at a dinner party when he felt a tingling around his head and turned bright red. He splashed cold water on his face to keep from passing out. The next morning Jeff had severe laryngitis and felt absolute exhaustion. He has never fully recovered. Today, he can gather himself together for a few hours, long enough to get out a bit, but he usually feels so weak he has to shove and brush his teeth. He has trouble sleeping, walking and reading and experiences stomach problems. "You end up losing

complete faith in your body," Jeff says. "You really can't trust it."

His cognitive decline seems to bother him most. After the initial onset, Jeff used to work for about six months before his employer suggested taking time off. "Things that would have taken me 15 minutes were suddenly taking two and three hours," he says. A mind that "used to work like a high-speed computer suddenly became a card file." For three days, his insurance company put him through a battery of psychological tests before concluding he was depressed. He's come across doctors who suggest CFS might be all in his head. "Usually," says Jeff, "it's a neurologist who's seen me for five minutes! And it upsets me. You know that as soon as they've missed that, they're no longer taking it seriously. They've come to the conclusion that

Health

because it's something that doesn't fit in their category, it must be in your mind."

If you have CFS, should you rest? Or should you exercise to build up your energy? It depends on when you ask. In Quebec, the emphasis is on staying employed and working out. "The literature is clear," says Houle. After the initial, flustered onset, "rest is useless." Others let the soul when they hear that. Board counsellor her parents in Toronto to rest and pace themselves to avoid bouncing back and forth between being too active when they feel good, and crawling and being confined to bed as a result.

Some patients turn to accredited neurophysiologists like Hamilton-based Alan Logan. Try avoiding wheat and dairy products for a couple of weeks, Logan tells them. That might alleviate some of the discomfort they have because of irritable bowels. Many CFS patients complain food additives such as monosodium glutamate (MSG) and the artificial sweetener aspartame aggravate their symptoms, so avoid them, says Logan. Probiotics—bacteria that flourish after the microbial riot in the gut—may also help. Logan recommends lots of fruits and vegetables, particularly blueberries, which are high in antioxidants that protect cells and DNA from damage. But he cautions, he says, not to believe everything you hear. "Chronic fatigue syndrome is like the weight loss industry," Logan warns. "These patients are desperate to be well, and they will spend their last dollar on a miracle-bullet supplement."

DOREEN VAN GIJN, 40

Former high-school teacher

It started as a vacation with the kids, April 2, 5 and 11. Doreen Van Gijn and her husband, both high school teachers, were living in Picton, Ont., were dining through McDonald's in the family restaurant during their Christmas break in 1991. Van Gijn came down with what she thought was flu. She recovered, but after two more debilitating bouts over the next 10 months she was bedridden for two years. Since then, Van Gijn has been unable to work. Once on and off cycles, she now relies on her five-wheelers, motorized scooter for anything more than a short walk outside. "My colleagues remember me running through the halls,"

says Van Gijn. "It was shocking for them to hear that; it was difficult for me to climb stairs now."

Van Gijn feels that what she refers to as her amygdalocephalopathy has robbed her of a career, her ability to care for her children—just about every aspect of normal life. With one breath, she added, the family came close to losing their home. After four years of providing benefits under Van Gijn's long-term disability plan, the insurance company stopped paying. "On the basis of their doctor's opinion, they said, they were not my boss," says Van Gijn. "I had to hire a lawyer." It took two years to get the benefits reinstated. "Then," Van Gijn says, "it was an uncommon story."

In Belgium, Dr. Koenraad De Meirleir and his colleagues have published several papers in peer-reviewed journals, though some work remains unpublished. He is working on an assay of CFS research where there seems to be a neurological interest in the immune system. De Meirleir posulates that CFS begins when a virus invades the body, prompting the immune system to launch a defense. Part of that response is to activate an enzyme called RNase L that chews up viral invaders. Once the virus is expunged, RNase L activity should decline. But in patients who develop CFS, he says, it remains high, toiling its damaging attention to cell-erecting processes, affecting pain receptors, the neuronal lining and the blood-brain barrier that keeps harmful chemicals away from our gray matter. "We now have a complete understanding of the biology of CFS," Dr. De Meirleir tells Maclean's.

Not so fast, cautions Mennie in Halifax. Sure, RNase L sounds like a plausible explanation, but says, "But it is not just a theory." It's been 150 years since doctors were first suggested as a possible trigger in multiple sclerosis, and a remote one mechanism most researchers suspect, yet no one's been able to prove it. Proof of the biology of CFS may come swiftly with luck—or it could take much longer than most patients live. Until then, they are left with a battle line of their own, the energy to wage.

Are people with chronic fatigue syndrome being too easily diagnosed? www.macleans.ca

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BY ANN DOWSETT JOHNSTON

It was a radiant day last summer when Carol Shields returned home to Whiting, a shimmering day in early July. But by late afternoon, the heat was beginning to take its toll, and it would be some time before the city's crisscrossed elms would wake their evening magic, casting shadows down the boulevard. For that reason, her daughter Catherine was working overtime, struggling through the overflow crowd at the welcome-home party with bottles of chilled wine and pitchers of lemonade. In a few minutes, the impressive group of writers, academics and unusual loved ones, happily shored into

"I got this book off on the wrong foot," Shields explained in her soft, articulate voice, "writing about breast cancer because I had all this information. But it was just making me sad. I had to push the book apart with jewelry's women—which always brings your heart a bit. But now it feels like I'm soaring."

And her friend's book, surely he must be getting the end as well? "Actually," he confessed, "I'm lost. It's like a bush after once said when we hit a huge patch of fog. The notes were well-headed, but we're not making good time." "You must know whether you're done," said Shields, beaming her generous, lopsided smile. "Of course, there are no rules. As John Mc-

writing this novel than with others. Cancer makes one serious, and twice. I have had time to pay attention to certain questions that have been hovering for years. And since it is probably my last novel, I feel I can be bolder."

Bolder about what? "Well, feminist rage, certainly. It's going to take a lot longer than anyone in the 1970s ever thought for women to become fully human, in all that that implies. The common thing is that day to day, we forget because the air that we breathe is full of the agreements we have come to accept. Otherwise, we would be in a rage all the time, and no one can afford that. We have become accustomed to this level of oxygen and we feel safe

HER TIME TO ROAR

In what she says may be her last novel, Carol Shields tackles feminist rage

Catherine's home in River Heights, would be raising their beaded glasses to a toast to the 66-year-old novelist, newly honored with the Order of Manitoba. Without a doubt, as has our first American star: Shields' *Miniver or Orange Pithers*, her Governor General's Literary Award or her National Book Critics Circle Award. But deeply meaningful nonetheless, a tribute to her many accomplishments in the city where she spent two decades, the creative birthplace of such novels as *The Republic of Love*, *The Stone Doves* and *Larry's Party*.

Since her breast cancer diagnosis in 1998, and a move to Victoria in 2000, there visits have become rare, and increasingly precious. Which explains why, at 60, her husband of 44 years, circled through the room, Carol sat near the open door in the garden, doing one of the things she does best: sharing thoughts about writing with other writers. Gooding, a friend's hand in her own, Shields confided that yes, her new novel was going very well. After a somewhat rocky start, and being waylaid by immersions in the spring, she was making the most of these good days. "Yes, she was certain she was near the end of the book, and the end was in sight,

dinner on a and when someone asked, 'How long is a play?' 'Oh, about as long as a piece of string.' The same she says applies to novels."

Then last, she was happily consumed back in Victoria, cooling her for a dinner party one of the first social events she did. She had been able to survive after a difficult spring—"just seven people, the perfect number!" Not sure, the number involved in the doing first in *Larry's Party*. "Seven is perfect: small enough for one conversation instead of two—and being an old number, you can include the unemployed."

Clearly, Shields was in her element. As a professor of English, she used to ask her students to answer the following: someone deadens the soul—yes or no? "Without fail, they always answered yes. 'I thought someone might have come out in favour of routine as a numbing force,'" and Shields, pausing to sip the rice. "This was a good spell" each day, she was logging 650 words in the little sewing room overlooking the garden. "I do it with the greatest intention and enthusiasm," said Shields. "In fact, I have leaving that little room right now. I feel more at ease with

enough with it to make minor pretenses. But in fact, the more we good for us." She paused. "I think if you were to punish and ask men if they were interested in the lives of women, occasionally you would get them on the wall and they would say no, not really. Men aren't interested in the lives of women, in how their synapses connect. Whereas we're interested in the lives of men. Women carry this narrative of deprecation, and live with it—without rage—until something happens to ignite it."

Nine months later, Shields' highly anticipated 70th novel, *Ursula*, has just hit the bookstores. Yes, in relative terms, a shortish piece of string—and without question, her most powerful novel to date. Certainly, her most overtly feminist, at once witty and acute, deeply intelligent and profoundly tender. And agonised, bravely—particularly in its exploration of what George Orwell called "that vast which lies on the other side of silence."

At 63, Rose Winsor is a woman with many blessings: three healthy teenage daughters; a fulfilling, sheltering relationship with Vik, their father; decent success both as a novelist and as a translator of

Profile

Danielle Waisman, a French intellectual and feminist and a rich circle of female friends. In other words, a woman accustomed to the "useful economy of happiness" until her eldest daughter, Noëlle, disappears, ending up *lost* and begging on a Toronto street corner, with a cardboard sign reading "GOODNESS on her chest." A bright university student, almost solitary in her sense of responsibility, Noëlle falls through the cracks of reality, and it seems that nothing can bring her back.

"Happiness is the lucky point of glass you carry in your head," says Rosa. "It takes all your evening just to hang onto it, and once it's smashed you have to move onto a different sort of life." And so, much in grief, Rosa moves into that different life, trying to understand what has broken Naomi and rendered her silent. In her struggle to penetrate that mystery, Rosa begins to protect her own inner life once she arrives

between their marginalization of women and Norah's "project of self-extinction." Rosa charges one writer with making his female readers serve "an apprenticeship in self-degradation" by identifying the long "academic list of literary big cats"—John Updike, Toba Wolff, et al.—and failing, to mention a single female author.

And in telling the tale of self-deception, Shields demonstrates a fly, knowing humor: Take the story of Greta, a woman so anxious to satisfy her unfaithful husband, who had complained in one near moment that her novel "stalled off," that she had a plastic surgeon close it. Years later, upon seeing her flawless skin and the essence of her "primal truth" of connection to her mother, Greta is looking into novel immortality.

When Kent returns to the sustaining comfort of writing her own parallel novel, the reader hears Shudd's own joy in the process: "This morning, the revealing of an unattainable world through the nib of a pen, it ransoms so much I can't use alone."

lytic, into an abstruse place where the interior voice of an intelligent woman is heard, uncertain, tender and clear.

Ask Carol *asks whether she believes, as Joan Didion once said, that the first sentence of a book determines what flows from it.* "I believe in the power of the first sentence, and the power to control," she says. "But I have an almost rhythmic belief in the second sentence, the one which questions, or simplifies the first." Consider, then, the first two sentences of *Under*: "It happens that I am going through a period of great unhappiness and loss just now. All my life, I've heard people speak of finding themselves, in acute pain, bankrupt in spirit and body but I've never understood what they meant."

Cancer is the third Shelds dropped in writing the novel, and she replaced with the engagement of Nash. From her home in Victoria, where she is once again undergoing chemotherapy, Shelds seeks

Unlike out of "direct obscenity" because there are few books about happy marriages. "I wanted it to be almost taken for granted, as I think lucky people in happy marriages do take each other for granted."

So, how do you accommodate these feelings if you have men you love? "At first, I thought, 'I can't take this anger on.' But then I thought, 'So I can't,'" Remesdyre, Virginia Woolf's *A Room of One's Own* first published in 1928, was "a transatlantic conversation. It's so fresh and contemporary, and she's brilliant at pointing out the great disparities I find it hard to understand why it didn't prevent a whole wave of change. But the truth is women haven't come far enough, not nearly far enough. Look at the front page

she won a CBC-sponsored young poets competition. At 49, she published her first novel. Since then, her work has captured just about every award imaginable, and a devoted international following.

"While it's a relief for Shields to shift to *Reis* now, after Larry Weiler's *Larry! Larry! Larry!* "Oh yes," she says. "It's hard to do that sort of voice. Even though *Reis* is a quite different program, the age [jump] is no easier. This is a woman who has killed two-hour lunchtime shows with other women kind of 'fascinating music' in her life. The more voices we used in the act, the easier we felt to the taste of our own lives." One of the great pleasures of interviewing *Carol Shields* is her curiosity. Ask her a question and she asks you one back. "What's it like being a woman in your office? Why do you read so much?" "I read a lot of questions," she says. "I read a lot of questions, with her eyes focused straight at you, as if you were raised in this world. Ask her a question, and you're struck by the direct, the stakes to consider her answer."

How is the feeling? "I have been in fading health, as they say in Jane Austen, but I've been luckier than many I know from the beginning that this career was bad news, and I've had time I hadn't expected. For the moment I'm enjoying the sunshine and just *being here*."

Does the believe in God? "No. Human goodness is the only thing I believe in." We hear so much about evil from George Bush, but I don't believe that good and evil are the opposites of each other. There's a very old falsified parable in which we were herded. I think that evil is the occasional breakdown of goodness, a very occasional rupture. To me, it seems amazing that people are as good as they are; that's the surprising thing. When I think of the old wisdom in Afghanistan, why would they do it? They're not going to achieve any fame or recognition. Why would people send anonymous donations for flood victims? I have faith in the goodness of the goodness of other people in the last few years, as much unconditional goodness flowing toward me in my illness, and it has kept me alive. Long letters from strangers: why would they bother? It's a lot of work to write a letter. But I do feel this sense of goodness in part of our human conversation—the biggest part of it."



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'Cancer makes one serious, and awake. I've had time for questions that have been hovering for years.'

of her 19-year-old daughter. What upsets a Ben's rage against the narrative of female deprivation. "Her wife came for, that's the thing... Well, as we've arrived at the new millennium and we haven't arrived at all. We've been sent over to the side pocket of the smoker table and been made to disappear." In her corner, Rita assumes that North "half knows the big female secret of wanting and not getting" and suspects that for her there is "freedom but not awareness."

With her anger ignited, Ruth becomes especially alert to women's inability to name and take what they want in this world, how it their goodness and their acquiescence they are rendered invisible. "We're too soft at our touch—We are too kind, too willing—too unwilling too—reaching out blindly with a grasping hand but not knowing how to ask for what we don't even know we want."

Both Ren's grief and her anger, however articulate, are expressed silently in iconic monologues, or anonymously "My heart is broken," she writes on a chalkboard in a public washroom. In a series of brilliantly ironic "bean counting" lessons—albeit written—to a number of authors and members of the media, she connects the dis-

it." Shields' brilliance lies in her ability to ground them not just in her creative life, but in the busyday company of her younger daughter, as her rich conversation with female friends and in her enduring partnership with Tom. Shields writes knowingly about desire—"the self-giftedness that good sex requires, the wanting, and then its rest: from there it waxes"—and about deep attachment in a mature relationship. "We are two people in a snapshot, but with a little cropping we could exist on our own. But then not what we want. Hold the frame still, contain us, the two of us together, that's what we sit for."

This fish feels real, three-dimensional. (Just as Shields' sure-footedness in fleshing out both Rumi's interior world and her connection to others. And ultimately when redemption comes in the form of goodness itself, a fish real as well, arriving unannounced, without heralds.)

Unlives, writes Shields, is "a word invented by the hopeful or by writers of fiction: waiting to pry open the created world and reveal another plane of being." A provisional word that offers "a tunnel into the light, the reverse side of not enough . . . and keeps you from drowning in the puzzling arrangements." This novel offers a tunnel into the

recently on making the shift: "As a writer of fiction, you have to find a way of integrating your strongest feelings. It's the most important transformation, or otherwise you'd be writing autobiography. But there is always an arm and a leg of you in there." She pauses. "I would never deny that that book wasn't a moving sideways of that shock, a shock that the gun can be broken. And yes, I don't know why one would be shocked. Everyone has tragic events that interconnect with their lives. I just thought it wouldn't happen. But there had an extraordinary 3 1/2 years it has given me time to do what I want."

In that case, Shields has ridden high on the best-seller list, with both a biography of Jane Austen and *Dropped Through* (1978) by Ariel Dorf, an anthology of women's essays co-edited with her friend Marjorie Anderson. And in writing *Urbia*, she has had time to pay attention to those questions that have been hovering for years. Above all, says Shields, the primary question has been "How do you accommodate femininity as if you love men and have men you love?" A professed question from a woman who calls her marriage to Don Shields her "great good luck," who was determined to portray a husband's character





See the man with the stage fright

For actors, stage fright can be a great metaphor, but also a real nightmare. So **Tom McCann** was reminded of last summer's Edinburgh Festival: The Canadian was about to perform *Norovirus*, Italian playwright **Alessandro Baricco's monologue about a genius piano player. The director of the piece, Quebec filmmaker **François Girard** (*Three Storey House*, *Afternoon of a Assassin*, *The Red Violin*), had decided to have McCann as narrator on stage in the audience's case. For about 20 minutes the actor held his pose as a pucking crane, watching the theatre fill. The longer he sat, the more he believed the show—making its English-language world premiere—would flop. Recall McCann: "I kept thinking, 'No one's going to want to sit here and listen to me tell a story for an hour and a half. It's simply not going to work.' I was petrified."**

A few people did walk. But those who

stayed, stayed to cheer, and *Norovirus* became one of the high points at the Edinburgh event. This month Canadians will get a chance to see the show at the World Stage Festival (April 3-May 4) at Toronto's Harbourfront Centre, where it takes its place among several international hits, including a groundbreaking *Hamlet* from Lithuania and two Toronto-born dramatic performances by British Royal Court Theatre. For McCann, 46, the appearance is another highlight in an expansive career. The actor is widely known as *Mission: Impossible*'s Global agent **Alister K**. "It's just pure evil," McCann chuckles. "I had a go." He has also starred in several films, including **Robert Lapage's** *Double World*, with **Tilda Swinton**.

But most of McCann's memorable roles have been on stage, where he's shown great versatility, with a special penchant for portraying soundtracks and villains. At

Ottawa's Stanford Festival, where he's starred in the 50th season, he'll play the title role in *Shakespeare's As You Like It*, as well as the gangster **Macbeth** in *Bernie Burtch* and **Kurt Wolff's** *The Thompson Opera*. Taking a break from rehearsals, the olive, wide-shouldered actor slouches in a chair in a dimly lit room. There's something uncannily intimate about McCann's gaze, the dark eyes capable of lust-like intensity, but also of vulnerable vulnerability. And then there's the voice: dark and penetrating, it sounds like it could cut steel.

McCann acknowledges that acting *Norovirus* at the same time that he's learning his Stanford roles is a major stretch. He's having to read time to refresh the monologue, which he hasn't spoken for half a year. Yet he finds the extra work rewarding. Dealing with the intricate complexities of Shakespeare can leave the actor feeling quite dejected about his abilities. "But when I start on *Norovirus*, the lines come so quickly and so beautifully that I think, 'Oh, I can do after all!'"

In the show, McCann impersonates a trumpet player, Tim Tinsley, who narrates about the strange life of his best friend, *Norovirus*—an organism named by the crew of an ocean liner early in the last century. *Norovirus* turns out to be a keyboard prodigy who in one scene vanquishes an old challenge that just great **Jelly Roll Morton**. The audience doesn't see any of this—except in imagination.

This movie doesn't just transport you to another world, it creates its own sense of time and space. It depicts figures against stark horizons with a profound beauty reminiscent of *Lawrence of Arabia*. By some visceral and tender, harsh and visceral, *Atanarjuat* combines the moral force of Greek tragedy with the audacity of cinematic surrealism. And though shot on digital video, in wide-screen vistas of Arctic light and icy intensity cinematic.

After winning the Cannes d'Or in Cannes for her first feature, *Atanarjuat* went on to win six Genie awards, including best picture and best director for **Zacharias Kunuk**. But this is not just a triumph for Canadian film. At the Arctic movie shot in the Inuktitut language, and the more ambitious ever produced by an aboriginal people, *Atanarjuat* is a landmark for world cinema.

It was filmed in Igloolik, a small island in the North Baffin region of the Arctic with a population of 1,200 and archeological evidence of 4,000 years of continuous habitation. The story is based on an Inuit



FILMS BRIAN D. JOHNSON

An Arctic masterpiece

Atanarjuat isn't just a Canadian triumph, but a landmark for world cinema

The first time I saw *Atanarjuat*—*The Fast Runner*—was at the Cannes Film Festival. I was cold and jet-lagged, and the last thing I felt like doing was sitting still for a 175-minute Inuit epic. How good could it be? There was also something incongruous about leaving the sun and palms of the Riviera to spend the afternoon in the Canadian Arctic. And as I watched strange characters in arctic dress stride awkwardly through the snow, I was impatient at first, afraid that boredom might overtake me as inevitably as frostbite. But even before the story set its hooks, even before the music and the melodies—and the extraordinary spectacle of a naked man with bleeding feet being chased across miles of ice—*Atanarjuat* cut a mesmerizing spell.



Uggialuag (left) and Paituk Inukhuk play the Fast Runner and the Strong One

legend from the dawn of the first millennium, a tale of bad blood passed down through generations. Over the years, a camp hunter named Sarsa beats down his old rival, Tulluag, who has two sons—Arringak, the Strong One, and Atanarjuat, the Fast Runner. The brothers grow up to be the toughest best hunters, among the journey of the leader's son, the ill-fated Puk. When the Fast Runner meets over Oluk's promised bride-to-be, Atanarjuat conspires to murder the brother.

Among *Atanarjuat*'s eight Genie nominations, none were for acting—perhaps because the actors are unfamiliar faces with odd names, or because the Academy assumed they weren't acting, but playing themselves like subjects in a documentary. In fact, the cast is a mix of trained actors and novices. The ancient world they've brought to life is as removed from the one they now inhabit as the dog sled is from the snowmobile. And for the most part, their acting is so natural it's invisible.

In the lead role, Nequt Uggialuag—a seasoned actor, filmmaker and well-known sculptor—creates a warm portrait of a shy, sensitive hero who learns to locate his courage. As the grasping and vindictive Oluk, Peter Hines Arningak is equally effective, although he's a full-time hunter with no acting experience. In her film debut, Sylvia Inkia, a government secretary conveys a quiet grief at Atanarjuat, the woman who comes between them.

The movie's sexual politics are jarring. A character named Puk (Lauri Tillepaul) seems to have the polygamous Inuit second wife. But you can't expect ancient legends to be politically correct. This is a period world of rudeness under sexual skin. A man yaps, "I'll wolf you," dipping his hand beneath a woman's fur. Whistles in an idiom usually had each other around by the edge of the mouth. But the filmmakers have increased their ancient culture with documentary authenticity. Screenwriter Paul Apuk Angiluk, who died of cancer in 1996, based the script on oral versions of the legend from eight elders. And the crew retained traditional skills in Inuit people and costumes from house, under, over and under. Wearing high boots from the dress of the documentary tradition, *Atanarjuat* is a new kind of Canadian movie, and its exhilarating. **B**



Will Red Green fly on the big screen?

"Why dact tape?" It was the obvious daily question to ask Steve Smith, aka. Red Green. But that's like asking Plato "Why dialogue?" or Gensky "Why puke?" For Smith, dact tape is the concise essence of the comedy man. "It's cheap. It lasts for a little while, but not too long—far more of my age, a repeat job that outlives you is just another reminder of your mortality. The whole industry runs on it. A lot more of the medical profession than you'd want to know about it. High-end models use it. It's a huge cleavage source." Smith pulls off the one-liner like, well...you know. But when asked why he made the sticky stuff his pet abuse, he offers a straight answer: "I believe in poisoning. These aren't many products that we funny on their own. In my search to position Red Green, I decided he was the human form of dact tape."

As the push-back of Pussan Lodge on CBC's *The Red Green Show*, Smith has parlayed his unique brand of television folk art into a small empire. The show, which is in

its 11th season, attracts up to a million Canadians, and is seen on over 100 PBS outlets in the U.S., where his fan club boasts some 120,000 members. Now the 56-year-old comedian is trying to stretch the franchise to the big screen with *Red Green's Dact Tape Forever*. Directed by Eric Till, this goofy road movie follows Red and his mad nephew (Patrick McKenna) as they use a giant goose to a dact-tape sculpture contest in Minnesota. They have their eye on a \$10,000 dact prize to save Pussan Lodge from an evil lord (Brian). En route, they are into obnoxious by the local sheriff—and a parade of camera from the likes of Dave Broadbent, Ronnie Hawkins, Sheila McCarthy and Joyce Earwood.

Red Green fans represent a bizarre demographic, "from bank presidents to garbage men," says Smith. "It's not cultural, social or economic. It's anecdotal. If you're human, so call a representative, if you'll even take a nap at your microwave oven, you have Red Green potential." Smith's own franchise is a

do-it-yourself operation. S&S Productions, which he runs with his brother David, produced the \$3.5-million movie. And it's handling the U.S. distribution, releasing the film in Red Green's top 40 PBS markets—promoted by the local station.

Smith expects his film to support the movie. Beyond that, he says, "it's a cash-cow." Recently another Canuck TV star, Paul Giam, visited to the big screen and found an audience for *New With Me*, another goofy Canuck comedy about an intricately funny topic: curling. But *Dact Tape* doesn't have the prize or massive promotion of *Me*, and its chance depends on a undoubtedly large sense of humour. Smith is sanguine: "If I don't get my money back, it's not going to kill me." Meanwhile, he's presenting a book of humour columns, *Dact Tape or Not Laughed at in Hospitals*—where he owns a Georgian mansion, writes as a housewife and is addressed to golf—he's found a piece of paradise lighter than foam. Pussan Lodge.

Brian D. Johnson

Best-Sellers

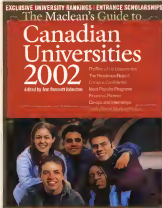
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10. <i>THE NEW YORK TIMES</i> , New York Times (2)	10

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